

# THE BOURBON NEWS.

CHAMP & MILLER, Editors and Owners.

NINETEENTH YEAR.

PRINTED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

Established FEB. 1, 1881.

PARIS, BOURBON CO., KY., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1899.

NC. 11.

## HEMP SEED.

Those farmers expecting to grow hemp this season will find it to their interest to write me before purchasing their seed. I have on hand Cultivated Hemp Seed grown from seed imported from China in 1893.

W. J. LOUGHRISE,  
(jan-2mo)  
LEXINGTON, KY.

## G. N. PARRIS.

DEALER IN

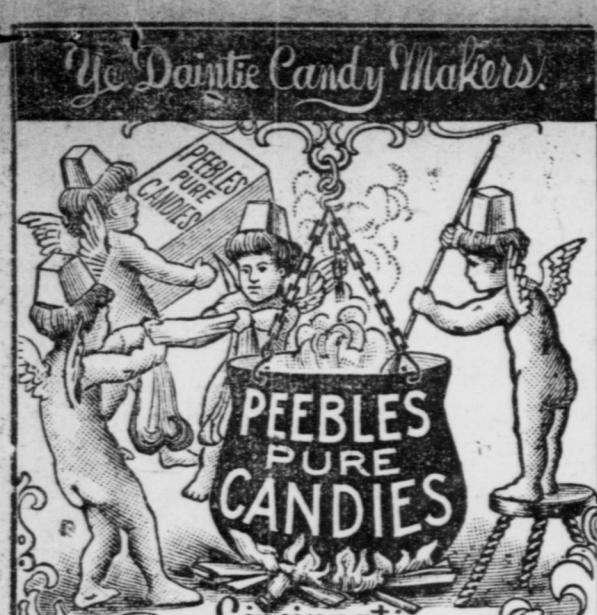
## Groceries and Fruits,

MAIN STREET.

OPPOSITE EXPRESS OFFICE.

No! it is not claimed that Foley's Honey and Tar will cure CONSUMPTION or ASTHMA in advanced stages, it holds out no such false hopes, but DOES truthfully claim to always give comfort and relief in the very worst cases and in the early stages to effect a cure.

Sold by James Kennedy, Druggist.



### PEEBLES' NAME

On a Box of Candy carries with it a guarantee of absolute purity. Money can not buy any higher grade ingredients than are used in its manufacture, and that is why Peebles' Candy is always wholesome.

Agents are supplied daily fresh from the factory, and that is why Peebles' Candy is more delicious than that of others.

Although superior in every way, the prices for Peebles' Candy are no higher than others.

Agents for Allegretti & Rubel's delicious Chocolate Creams. A full line may always be found.

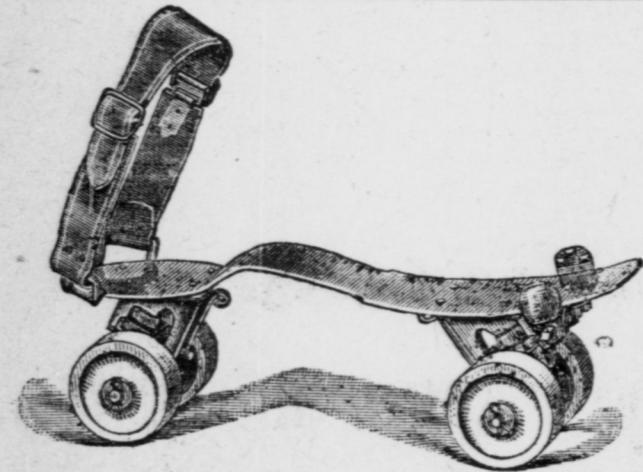
The Joseph R. Peebles' Sons Co.

JOSEPH S. PEEBLES, Pres't.  
Established 1844.  
Cincinnati, O.

The teachings of 60 years experience as to all that is best in the line of Eatables, Drinkables and Smokeables is summed up in a 50 page price list. Sent free. Write for it.

G. S. VARDEN,  
JAS. FEE & SON.

"We desire to establish Agencies for Lyleburn Fruit Cake, 1 lb. tins. A great winner."



### CHALLENGE AND MONARCH RINK

And Club Roller Skates.

### SKATESUNDRIES & SUPPLIES

"The Easiest and Lightest Running Skates on Earth."

M. C. HENLEY'S  
CELEBRATED

### Roller Skates!

Not a "CYCLE SKATE," or an experiment, but the only practical scientific RINK SKATE on the market.

Over two millions of HENLEY'S SKATES sold in this and other countries.

N. C. FISHER,  
Attorney-At-Law.  
Paris, Kentucky.

Office on Broadway, up-stairs, 2 doors  
West of BOURBON NEWS.  
Phone 58.

### FOR SALE.

A first-class, power Grinding Mill, standard make, will grind 60 to 75 barrels of ear corn per day, with 10-horse power. Will sell cheap.

R. P. BARNETT.

### Hoarseness Sore Throat

Hoarseness, sore throat and constant coughing indicate that the bronchial tubes are suffering from a bad cold, which may develop into pleurisy or inflammation of the lungs. Do not waste health and strength by waiting, but use Dr. John W. Bull's Cough Syrup at once. This wonderful remedy cures all throat and lung afflictions in an astonishingly short time.

### Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

Cures Hoarseness and Sore Throat. Doses are small and pleasant to take. Doctors recommend it. Price 25cts. At all druggists.

FANCY California evaporated fruits.  
(tf) NEWTON MITCHELL

The very best companies compose my agency, which insures against fire, wind and storm. Non-union.

W. O. HINTON, Agent.

### MILLERSBURG.

News Notes Gathered in And About The Burz.

Mrs. Robt. Chancelor is quite ill with the grippe.

Mr. Jos. W. Mock visited friends in Maysville, Sunday.

Mr. James Linville, of Versailles, is visiting relatives here.

Mr. Oliver Marston, of Illinois, is visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. M. Collier returned to Mt Sterling, Saturday.

Chas. Martin lost a fine mule Saturday from blood poisoning.

Miss Louie Warford spent from Friday till Monday with her parents.

Miss Anna Thompson is visiting her sister Mrs. Gates Rice, at North Middleton.

Mrs. R. M. Shaw, of Richmond, was the guest of W. V. Shaw and wife, Saturday.

Mr. Julian McClintock was home from school at Lexington from Friday till Monday.

Stiles Stirman and Thos. Judy are able to be up. Wm Bassett is not much better.

Miss Pearl Kenney, of Hutchison, is the guest of Misses Katie and Julia Miller, near town.

Mrs. Bettie Gibson returned to Paris, Saturday. Her mother, Mrs. Wm. Payne, is no better.

Miss Margaret Terry, of Paris, was the guest of Mrs. Harmon Stitt, from Saturday till Monday.

The four-year-old child of Pressly Layton fell in an open grate fire and was severely burned.

Drs. Miller and Stucky operated on Thos. McElroy, who is much improved, but is yet quite feeble.

Sanford Carpenter sold to Al Branch, of Fleming, a handsome pair of sorrel buggy mares, Saturday.

Mrs. R. B. Boulden and Miss Anna Couway attended the burial of Mrs. McCray, at Carlisle, Sunday.

Highest price paid for butter and eggs; poultry of all kinds, alive or dressed. JUDY & COLLIER.

Call and examine the finest stock of wall-paper ever in town. See the paper—not samples—and get prices.

JOS. W. MOCK

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Wallingford, of Cynthiana, spent from Saturday till Monday with her sister, Mrs. Belle Letton.

Mrs. A. D. Thomas, nee Bates, and daughter, Miss Hunter, of Evansville, Ind. have been the guests of Mrs. J. H. Warford since Friday.

Pressley Madison, colored, formerly of this place, was convicted in Montgomery, and given a 20-year term, for committing rape on a colored girl.

Henry Ford, colored, and Burnham Brown, colored were sent to the Paris jail, Saturday, for 30 days and \$20 fine each, by Judge Hull for stealing coal from the cars.

Mr. Geo. W. Johnson and Miss Minnie Evans will be married Wednesday at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. B. W. Clarke, in Georgetown. Miss Evans is the daughter of Mr. Roe Evans, proprietor of the mills here.

A mad hog attacked Perry Jefferson's horses, Saturday in the stable. The legs and head of three horses were badly lacerated. Veterinary Frank Herbert took over twenty stitches in the wounds, and then knocked out the hog's tusks.

D. ED.—On Sunday at 5 a. m., James W. Conway, after several weeks' illness of grippe. The deceased is survived by his wife, nee \_\_\_\_\_, and four children—Mrs. R. B. Boulden, Miss Anna Conway, Harry Conway, of this place, and Charles Conway, of St. Louis, Mo. The funeral will be held this morning by Rev. Grinnell, at ten o'clock. Burial at the Millersburg cemetery.

The pall-bearers will be: Robt. Tarr, Chas. Turner, J. G. Smedley, J. G. Allen, J. G. Allen, J. H. Warford and Dr. I. R. Best.

### SHAWHAN.

H. T. Eales is in Louisville this week on business.

D. B. Patton is in Louisville this week selling tobacco.

N. B. Worthington and family will be to Georgetown shortly.

Matt Turney and wife spent Sunday with John Current and family.

Geo. Moore spent several days last week with friends in Cynthiana.

Miss Sallie Snodgrass is visiting relatives and friends in Connorsville.

Mr. Llewellyn Cantrell, of Paris, was down calling on lady friends Sunday.

Rev. Eberhardt, of Paris, attended Sunday school here Sunday afternoon.

Dike Wilson spent a few days last week with his brother, John Wilson, Jr., in Paris.

There was no church at Mt. Carmel Sunday night, on account of the disagreeable weather.

Miss Lucy Thornton, of Covington, was the guest of Miss Ella Scott Saturday and Sunday.

Wm. Ryan, a section hand, had two fingers mashed off while loading scrap iron here, Saturday.

Miss Bessie Kimbrough closed her Fall term of school here Friday. She will open the Spring term next Monday, with a good number of scholars. She has given excellent satisfaction here.

## Every Month

there are thousands of women who nearly suffer death from irregular menses. Sometimes the "period" comes too often—sometimes not often enough—sometimes the flow is too scant, and again it is too profuse. Each symptom shows that Nature needs help, and that there is trouble in the organs concerned. Be careful when in any of the above conditions. Don't take any and every nostrum advertised to cure female troubles.

### BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

is the one safe and sure medicine for irregular or painful menstruation. It cures all the ailments that are caused by irregularity, such as leucorrhœa, falling of the womb, nervousness; pains in the head, back, breasts, shoulders, sides, hips and limbs. By regulating the menses so that they occur every twenty-eighth day, all those aches disappear together. Just before your time comes, get a bottle and see how much good it will do. Druggists sell it at \$1.

Send for our free book, "Perfect Health for Women."

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.

ATLANTA, GA.

Low prices on candies for entertainments. Cheap but pure.

(tf) NEWTON MITCHELL.

Insure in my agency nonunion. Prompt-paying reliable companies—insures against fire, wind and storm.

W. O. HINTON, Agent.

Attention!

Parties wanting photos in Grinnan's gallery should come and have sittings made at once, as the building we occupy will be torn away about the middle of February. Persons wanting old negatives can get same cheap, as I will dispose of them all.

L. GRINNAN.

THREE houses for rent or sale. Apply to Mrs. J. W. Wilcox, Paris, Ky. (31)

Men's and Boys' overcoats at cost. Come and see for yourselves at Price & Co's, clothiers. We need the cash.

GUNTHNER'S fine candies for sale for Christmas.

(tf) NEWTON MITCHELL.

CRYSTALLIZED fruits, nuts, oranges, lemons, bananas, apples, malaga grapes, grape fruit.

(tf) NEWTON MITCHELL.

SILVERSMITHS.

Our stock of STERLING SILVER TOILET WARE and WEDDING SILVER is the most complete in the West. A few exclusive patterns of Sterling Silver Spoons and Forks at



The Duhme Jewelry Company,  
Fourth and Walnut Sts., Cincinnati, O.

Long Distance Telephone, Call 870.

### DIAMOND CUTTERS.

All our Diamonds are Carefully selected in the rough, and cut in our Factory by Expert Diamond Cutters. We carry the Largest Stock in the West at the Lowest Prices.

### SILVERSMITHS.

We are Sole Agents for the Celebrated Patek, Philippe & Co. watches. Our stock in this line includes every grade and make known to the trade, at prices to suit everybody.

WATCHES.

Our Department of Stationery and Engraving is thoroughly up-to-date, and complete in every respect.

### STATIONERY.

Send for our Holiday Shopping List, containing many valuable Suggestions. Mail orders promptly attended to. Goods sent to our Patrons on Selection.

### Tornadoes And Cyclones.

LOOKOUT. these windstorms will sweep your farm property off the face of the earth, and you will lose it all unless you have a policy in the old and tried Glen Falls of New York—\$1,000 insurance for five years will only cost you \$10. Tobacco barns a specialty.

(9nov-tf) T. PORTER SMITH, Agent.

### Sale Dinners.

If you are going to have a sale and wish to set a dinner at a reasonable price, call on

GEORGE RASSENFOSS,  
(20nov2pm) PARIS, KY.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS  
DESIGNS  
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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications are strictly confidential. Hints on Patents, etc. free. Oldest agency for securing Patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge in the Scientific American.

# VICTORY IS OURS.

## A Blaze of Fire Along the American Lines at Manila.

### All Night and All Day the Battle Raged Fiercely in Manila's Outskirts.

The Insurgents Began the Attack But Retreated Before the Magnificent Charge of American Troops.

ADM. DEWEY'S VESSELS TOOK PART IN THE FIGHT, DOING MUCH EXECUTION—OUR LOSS WAS 20 KILLED AND 125 WOUNDED—THE FILIPINOS LOST HEAVILY—MANY WERE DROWNED—GALLANTRY OF OUR VOLUNTEER SOLDIERS.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—The following message was received Sunday morning: "To the Secretary of the Navy, Washington: Insurgents here inaugurated general engagement yesterday night which was continued to-day. The American army and navy is generally successful."



MAJ. GEN. OTIS.

Insurgents have been driven back and our line advanced. No casualties to navy.

(Signed,) DEWEY."

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—The following dispatch was received at 1:15 Monday morning:

"MANILA, Feb. 5.—To Adjutant General: Situation most satisfactory; no apprehension need be felt. Perfect quiet prevails in city and vicinity. List of casualties being prepared and will be forwarded soon as possible. Troops in excellent health and spirits. (Signed,) OTIS."

MANILA, Feb. 6.—The Filipinos attacked the American line from Caloocan to Santa Mesa at 8:45 Saturday evening. There was heavy fusillade on both sides and the artillery was used. The United States cruiser Charleston and the gunboat Concord bombarded the enemy.

The Americans, after magnificent charges, captured several of the enemy's positions.

The Americans lost 20 killed and had 125 wounded. The Filipinos lost heavily.

The long-expected rupture between the Americans and the Filipinos has come at last. The former are now engaged in solving the Philippine problem with the utmost expedition possible.

The clash came at 8:40 Saturday evening, when three daring Filipinos darted past the Nebraska regiment's pickets at Santa Mesa, but retired when challenged.

They repeated the experiment without drawing the sentries fire, but the third time Corporal Greely challenged the Filipinos and then fired, killing one of them and wounding another.

Almost immediately afterward the Filipinos line, from Caloocan to Santa Mesa, commenced a fusillade which was ineffectual. The Nebraska, Montana and North Dakota outposts replied vigorously and held their ground until reinforcements arrived.

The Filipinos in the meantime concentrated at three points, Caloocan, Galangalang and Santa Mesa.

At about 1 o'clock the Filipinos opened a hot fire from all three places simultaneously. This was supplemented by the fire of two siege guns at Balik-Balik and by advancing their skirmishers at Paco and Pandacan.

The Americans responded with a terrific fire, but owing to the darkness they were unable to determine its effect.

The Utah light artillery finally succeeded in silencing the native battery.

The 3d artillery also did good work on the extreme left.

The engagement lasted over an hour.

The United States cruiser Charleston and the gunboat Concord, stationed off Malabon, opened fire from their secondary batteries on the Filipinos' position at Caloocan and kept it up vigorously.

At 2:45 there was another fusillade along the entire line, and the United States seagoing double monitor Monadnock opened fire on the enemy from off Malate.

With daylight the Americans advanced.

The California and Washington regiments made a splendid charge and

The following dispatch from Gen. Otis has been made public:

"MANILA, Feb. 5.—To the Adjutant General: February 5—Insurgents in large force opened attack on our outer lines at 8:45 last evening; renewed attack several times during night; at 4 o'clock this morning entire line engaged; all attacks repulsed; at daybreak advanced against insurgents and have driven them beyond the lines they formerly occupied, capturing several villages and their defenses works; insurgent loss in dead and wounded large; our own casualties thus far estimated at 175, very few fatal. Troops enthusiastic and acting fearlessly. Navy did splendid execution on flanks of enemy; city held in check and absolute quiet prevails. Insurgents have secured good many Mauser rifles, a few field pieces and quick firing guns, with ammunition, during last month.

(Signed) OTIS."

LINCOLN, Neb., Feb. 6.—The following list of killed of the 1st Nebraska regiment in the battle of Manila: James Pierce, musician; David City, merchant; Harry Hull, Company A, hotel clerk, Hastings; Davis Laggar, Company I, lawyer, who was a lieutenant in the state militia; Sergt. Orin T. Curtis, Ashland, farmer, who was at one time a member of the legislature; Charles Keck, Chadron, wealthy stockman; A. Bellinger, son of a prominent doctor at Beatrice and a young society man; Lewis Begler, Lincoln, clerk; Edward Eggers, Fremont, lawyer. The information regarding the regiment's losses was received in Lincoln in private cablegrams.

#### AGONCILLO IS INTERVIEWED.

He Says It Will Take the United States at Least Ten Years to Conquer the Philippines.

TROY, N. Y., Feb. 6.—In an interview here Sunday night Felipe Agoncillo, who is on the way to Canada, said concerning the fighting at Manila:

"There may have been an exchange of shots by accident. I did not advise such a thing. I came on a mission of peace. I came to offer the United States every possible commercial advantage. We want to be friendly with the United States. We were willing to pay the \$20,000,000 to Spain and also pay all the expenses of Dewey's fleet at Manila. All we want is to be independent and to have the friendship of the United States. We are not papas. We are a people and we love our freedom."

"Are your people willing to accept anything short of independence?"

"I will not say. They want to be free and independent, the same as this country."

"What will they do if the treaty is ratified and the United States assumes sovereignty?"

"I do not know. If the Americans attempt to conquer the Philippines it will take at least ten years, and even then they would not be conquered in heart. They will never be conquered. They will be constantly rising to gain their independence."

"It is too bad," concluded the Filipino envoy. "I came to your country to offer you the friendship of my people, to give you our trade and pay all the expenses of obtaining our freedom for us from Spain. In return you refuse to even listen to me. If you had been only willing to listen to what I had to offer all of this trouble could and would have been avoided. It is not the seeking of my people. I am sorry."

Agoncillo repeated that he would return to the United States as soon as he learned the reliable news about the events of Saturday in the Philippines.

The impression that his manner gave was that he is a very badly frightened envoy.

#### FELIPE AGONCILLO GETS OUT

Is on His Way to Montreal—It is Stated Unofficially That He Will Be Arrested at Rouses' Point.

TROY, N. Y., Feb. 6.—Word was received in this city at 10 o'clock Sunday night that Agoncillo would reach here on his way to Montreal at 11:10 o'clock. The train arrived on time, and with the train was a party of newspaper men. When the cars pulled into the Union station here word was given out that Agoncillo was in one of the sleepers and that he could not be disturbed.

He had retired at Poughkeepsie. The train left Troy at 11:30 o'clock for Montreal and is due at that point at 7 o'clock Monday morning. It was stated here in an unofficial way that Agoncillo would be arrested at Rouses' Point, but it could not be learned that any arrangements had been made to this effect.

#### PLATES AT HALF-MAST.

CHICAGO, Feb. 6.—Postmaster Gordon Sunday ordered all the postal stations in Chicago to display their flags at half-mast until after the funeral of Col. James A. Sexton, who died in Washington Saturday. A meeting of the Chicago letter carriers was held Sunday and elaborate arrangements made for taking part in Col. Sexton's funeral.

#### TWO BRAKEMEN KILLED.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Feb. 6.—Edward Winston and Clayton A. Sublett, of Bluefield, Norfolk and Western brakemen, were crushed to death by the cars, near Poca.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6, 12:15 a.m.—

#### COL. JAS. A. SEXTON DEAD.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic Expired at 3:40 Sunday Morning in Washington.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—Col. James A. Sexton, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, and a member of the war investigating commission, died at 3:40 o'clock Sunday morning at Garfield hospital from complications resulting primarily from an attack of the grip.

Col. Sexton had been ill about a month, first with grip and kidney troubles and later with meningitis of the brain. His system failed to respond to medical treatment and for several weeks his recovery was hardly expected.

Sunday night the body was put aboard the 7:20 train on the Pennsylvania railroad and will be taken to Chicago. There were no funeral services in this city, but six members of the grand army acted as pall bearers both when the body was removed from the hospital and when put aboard the train.

At Chicago, F. W. Spenk, quartermaster of the grand army; H. P. Thompson, assistant adjutant general, and W. L. Smith, of the Loyal Legion, will have charge of the military funeral arrangements. Commander Arthur Hendricks, of the department of the Potomac, G. A. R., Sunday issued a special order commemorative of Col. Sexton. Many floral tributes were received by the family, including tributes from the war investigating commission and President McKinley, who sent a beautiful wreath.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 6.—Capt. W. C. Johnson, senior vice commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., is the head of the Johnson Bros. Hardware Co., of this city. Under the constitution he becomes the acting commander-in-chief upon the death of his superior, and continues as the acting commander-in-chief until the vacancy is filled.

#### THE BIG CANAL AT PANAMA.

WORK ON THE WATERWAY IS PROGRESSING AT A RAPID RATE—THE CULEBRA CUT WILL BE COMPLETED IN NINE MONTHS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—Reports of extensive work on the Panama canal are brought by Charles M. Dobson, an English civil engineer, who has just arrived here from Colon. Mr. Dobson said:

"I have visited the canal on several occasions since 1891, but I have never seen anything like the activity visible at present. The French are evidently in earnest and are progressing at a wonderfully rapid rate. They are concentrating their energies on the great Culebra cut, the most serious obstacle along the whole route. The company has from 1,700 to 2,000 laborers at work, with about 50 locomotives, each of which hauls a train of from 10 to 15 cars.

"At the rate at which they are now excavating, the great cut will be completed within nine months. My impression is that the management, having finished this cut, will declare that they have solved the greatest problem of the canal and that additional funds are all that is needed to carry the whole work to completion. Water is actually in 19 miles of the canal on the Atlantic side and seven on the Pacific side."

"Up to the present about \$137,000,000 in American gold has been spent and I believe the canal can be finished for \$125,000,000. The company appears to suffer for no lack of money, for the men are promptly paid."

"The concession given by Colombia expired last October, but I am informed that arrangements have been made for its extension for another period of six years. My impression is that it will require about ten years more work before the canal is ready to receive ships."

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#### MINING CAMP SNOW BOUND.

SITUATION IS CRITICAL IN THE EXTREME AND STARVATION STARES THE INHABITANTS OF INDEPENDENCE, CO., IN THE FACE.

ASPEN, Col., Feb. 6.—The situation at the mining camp of Independence, 18 miles from here, is critical in the extreme. Starvation stares the inhabitants of the town in the face. Provision and fuel supplies are nearly exhausted. Wood that had been piled up for winter use lies buried under many feet of snow and can not be reached.

The mines there, in all probability, must close down until spring. Roads leading to this place, the only source of supply for Independence, are impassable and the only method of journeying between the two places is on snow shoes, an exceedingly dangerous method of travel. The storm is still raging fiercely at Independence, making the outlook more gloomy.

Snow slides are so frequent between Aspen and Independence that it is almost suicidal to venture on the route there.

TRANSPORT SOLACE D.D. NOT LEAVE FOR MAMMILIA.

CHICAGO, Feb. 6.—A special from Norfolk, Va., says: "The United States transport Solace, which was to have sailed for Manila Sunday at noon, did not get away from Hampton Roads. Just why she was held is not definitely known, but it is believed by naval officers that the developments in the Philippines since her original orders were issued have prompted the navy department to hold the ship here until additional supplies are received for transportation to Manila."

Two Brakemen Killed.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Feb. 6.—Edward Winston and Clayton A. Sublett, of Bluefield, Norfolk and Western brakemen, were crushed to death by the cars, near Poca.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6, 12:15 a.m.—

#### REDUCTION TO THE TRADE.

THE FRATERNAL FEELING OF A HOUSE PAINTER FOR AN ARTIST PATRON.

There is a saying that two of a trade can never agree, but there is reason to believe that there is more fraternity and interest than is generally supposed. An instance to prove the theory is found in the case of an artist in the suburbs who had the front of his cottage painted last week. It wasn't much of a job, but it was done very well, and the painter was told to bring in his bill.

Three days later the man of the house was told that the painter wanted to see him.

"Tell him to leave the bill and I'll send him a check," was the impatient answer.

He was informed that the painter wanted to see him in person, so there was nothing to do but to show him up.

"Well," said the man of the house shortly.

"I hope you like the job," said the painter, with a mysterious smile.

He was informed that it appeared to be all right.

"I always do good work," said the painter, virtuously.

"But this here house—boss, I rather thought I was the boss."

"You found out who I was, didn't you?"

"Yes. When I went to the drug store at the corner for putty, the clerk told me you was a painter, and one of the best in this country. I asked why you didn't paint your house, then, and he said you had got your hand out now, and didn't paint anything but pictures. So when I found you was in the trade I did my best. And here is the bill—\$18.00—and it ain't no more than right, as you know, but, being it's you, I'll knock off the 60 cents."

To the everlasting credit of the celebrated artist it is said that he kept his face straight and accepted the reduction in the spirit in which it was offered.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

#### WHERE HE WOULD SUCCEED.

"WE ARE ALL QUALIFIED FOR SOME OCCUPATION," said the thoughtful man. "The trouble is we don't always know what it is, and so we make the wrong selection. Now there is Brown, the dumb man. He always is complaining that he is handicapped by his affliction, whereas it would insure him success if he only knew enough to take up the right line of business."

"WHAT WOULD YOU CALL THE RIGHT LINE FOR HIM?"

"THE TENSORIAL LINE, OF COURSE."

"A CONGRESSMAN."

"CURED OF CATARRH OF LONG STANDING."

#### True Greatness in Medicine

Is proved by the health of the people who have taken it. More people have been made well, more cases of disease and sickness have been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla than by any other medicine in the world. The peculiar combination, proportion and process in its preparation make Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar to itself and unequalled by any other.

#### IRONICAL I'S.

If you kiss a miss she doesn't miss the kiss. If a man keeps cool he commands himself and others.

If you would elevate the stage put it on an elevator.

If a man can't trust himself he is apt to trust to luck.

If you would succeed stick to your business with the glue of industry.

If a man is wedded to art he is apt to find the dowry unsatisfactory.

If a man is unable to hold his pen his ability to hold his tongue is useless.

If some men didn't boast of their abilities others would never know they possessed them.

If some people ever get to be worth their weight in gold they will have to use a lot of anti-fat.—Chicago Evening News.

#### SAME PROFESSION.

In a well-known college an old negro called Tim had waited on the students for many years. He was not without his peculiarities in the way of petty larceny, and caught trinkets on one occasion by one of his employers, he was given a reprimand. "Ah, old fellow, you are bound to the devil! What are you going to do, sir, when you get down in his regions?" "I dunno, Mars Ed," answered Tim, "doubt on waitin' on de students!"—Household Words.

## "HOW THEY GROW."

Mark well thy slender stalk of green  
Just springing forth the clods between  
While April ails are chilly;  
With filmy leaflets closely curled,  
It looks a tiny banner furled,  
But soon will be a lily.

A sparrow's weight would bend it low,  
A little flood would overflow,  
A little frost would kill it;  
And e'en when grown it reaches up  
And lifts to heaven a heavenly cup,  
A little dew will fill it.

Yet all the power that Newton saw  
Bind in one vast and equal law  
Pebble, and planet growing,  
Cannot, when spring is come, keep hid  
The lily 'neath its coverlid,  
Nor stay its buds from blowing.

It knows no labor but to bloom—  
God's darling need no cares assume,  
No tribute pay but beauty;  
It cannot but live in the light,  
And still to keep its garments white  
Is nature more than duty.

What if to-morrow it must die?  
Is there no Easter in the sky  
To earth's dead blossoms given?  
Yon world would forfeit half its bliss  
If what is sweetest here in this  
Brief spring, had no heaven.

Much more, O ye of little faith—  
(This is the word the Master saith)  
Much more to His will is!  
—Nay, but it were enough for me  
Could I, O Master! only be  
To Thee as are Thy lilies.

—W. H. Woods, in *Youth's Companion*.



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## SYNOPSIS.

D'Auriac, commanding outpost where scene is laid, tells the story. De Gomeron is a temporary command, appointed by Gen. de Rone to examine into a charge against d'Auriac. Nicholas, a sergeant, brings in a man and woman, from a king's camp at Le Fere, prisoners. d'Auriac, angered by insulting manner of de Gomeron toward woman, strikes him, duell follows and prisoners escape. Duel is interrupted by appearance of de Rone, and d'Auriac is told he will hang if found alive at close of morrow's battle. Riding over field next day d'Auriac finds Nicholas, victim of de Gomeron's malice, in imminent danger of death, and releases him from awful predicament. After battle in which King Henry utterly routs de Rone's forces, d'Auriac, lying severely wounded, sees two forms moving through the darkness, robbing the bodies of the dead and wounded. They find golden collar on de Leyva's corpse, and Babette stabs Maugiron (her partner) to gain possession. Henry with retinue, among whom is fair princess who had escaped from de Gomeron and d'Auriac's suitor, rides over the field. Madame rescues d'Auriac, and afterwards visits him daily in hospital. Here he learns his friend is heiress of Bidache. When well enough he is taken to her Normandy chateau, where he learns from Maitre Palin, madame's chaplain, the king is about to force her to marry d'Ayen. He sets out with Jacques, his knave, for Paris, to prevent this marriage. Delayed at Ezy, he comes upon Nicholas, his old sergeant, who says de Gomeron is in neighborhood with associates from army and nobility, plotting treason against the king. They go to de Gomeron's retreat where they manage to overhear details of plot. Burning with revenge, Nicholas shoots at de Gomeron. Flying for their lives, the two men "think" themselves beyond pursuit, when suddenly they are face to face with Biron, one of the traitors, whom d'Auriac had left. When d'Auriac makes short work of Nicholas, d'Auriac escapes. Arriving in Paris the chevalier lays what he knows of treasonable plot before Sully, master general of ordnance. Calling on de Belin, a friend, d'Auriac secures from him a servant, Ravalliac, who had previously been in service of d'Ayen. D'Ayen's marriage to Madame de la Bidache is to occur within fortnight, de Belin to stand sponsor. Palin and madame arrive in Paris. d'Auriac has suspicions aroused concerning Ravalliac; later witnesses meeting with de Gomeron, therefore dismisses him. The chevalier is introduced at court by de Belin, where he charges Biron with being traitor to France and king. For his pains Henry gives him 24 hours to quit France. King now commands marriage to be celebrated on the morrow, making it imperative that flight occur that night, if madame is to be saved. d'Auriac therefore meets her secretly, when masked men sweep down on pair and carry off, bound and gagged. After 24 hours' imprisonment during which he has interview with de Gomeron and Babette, he manages to escape. At his lodgings he finds Jacques, Palin, de Belin and his host Pantin assembled in council. Next morning Pantin and d'Auriac, disguised, go to Tolson d'Or, a sort of inn next building to which he and madame had been taken. d'Auriac hires a room, and from a window reaches roof of next building where, through a skylight, he witnesses meeting of de Gomeron and two confederates. They communicate by means of signs, he telling her de Gomeron at hand. When night falls d'Auriac goes to join de Belin and Pantin. They meet the king, who with intimates is playing at piquet in an ordinary. Putting on a mask and cloak, the king, with the others, follows d'Auriac to the Tolson d'Or, where his majesty may look upon the conspirators as d'Auriac had done earlier in the day.

## CHAPTER XX.

AT THE SIGN OF "THE TOISON D'OR."

Turning we beheld de Vitry at the open door, the small and narrow figure of Pantin at his elbow, and close behind the stern features of the grand master, the anxiety on whose face cleared as he saw the king before him. He was about to speak, but Henry burst in rapidly—

"I know all, duke. It is time to act, not talk, Arnidieu! But I shall long remember this frolic!"

"It would seem that God has given us a great deliverance, sire. All is ready!"

"Come," said the king, "we have no time to lose, and if we delay longer that hothead de Belin will strike the first blow."

"With your majesty's permission I will make an assault on the rear," I said. "On the rear!" exclaimed de Vitry, whilst the grand master said, "it is impossible!"

But I only pointed to the window, and Henry laughed.

"Ventrebleu! I understand—a great idea! But, monsieur, take care how you give away a secret. I shall have no peace if monsieur the great master bears what has happened."

I was young enough still to feel my face grow hot at the approval in the

king's voice, and then without another word they passed out, tramp, tramp, down the stairs, all except Sully, who stayed behind for a moment.

"Monsieur!" he asked, "what has happened between you and the king?" "His majesty has pardoned me."

"A child might see that. What else? Be quick."

"And has given me orders to meet you as you enter the Toison d'Or."

The frown on his face cleared. "Well answered, chevalier. The king I see has won a faithful and discreet friend. Make your attack when you hear the petard." Then he, too, turned his broad shoulders on me and followed the rest.

As the sound of the heavy footfalls ceased I gave a last look at my pistols, drew in my sword-belt by a hole, and all booted as I was, essayed the ladder again.

I had already observed that the sky-light was but a light wooden framework, with a glazing between, and would need no great effort to break down—one strong push and the way was clear before me. So I stayed for a minute of breathless silence, then far below came a sharp, shrill whistle, hurried exclamations from the plotters, and now the explosion of the petard, that made the house rock to and fro like a tree in the wind.

I had no need to force open the sky-light. The effect of the explosion did that most effectually for me, and blew out the lamps in the room below as well, reducing it on a sudden to absolute darkness. There was a yell of terror from the room, and without a moment's hesitation I swung through the window and dropped down among the conspirators. They were to a man crowding to the door, and not one took any note of my entrance, so great was their confusion. I followed the rush of hurrying figures as they passed through the door into a passage in dim light from a fire that burned in a small grate. One end of this passage was full of smoke, against which the bright flashes of drawn swords were as darts of lightning. Beyond the smoke, and below, we could hear the clash of steel, cries of pain and savage oaths, where men were fighting and dying hard. As I dashed down the passage, sword in hand, my only thought to reach the prisoner's room, one of the retreating figures turned and called out: "Quick, monsieur—follow me—the secret stair!"

It was Lafin. In the confusion and semi gloom he had mistaken me for his chief. I made no answer, but as I rushed forward struck him on the face with the hilt of my sword, and he rolled over like a log.

There I was, right in amongst the scared plotters, cheek by jowl with M. de Savoy's envoy, and I could have dropped him then and there, but that my whole heart was in madame's room, and I knew that there were others who could and would deal with him.

As I elbowed my way through the press, vainly endeavoring to find the way to my dear's prison, we reached a landing from which a long stair led straight up, and here I heard the marshal's voice, cracked with rage and fear:

"Lafin! De Gomeron! To me—here! here!"

"Ladies first, marzahl—I must look to my bride."

Then through the smoke I saw de Gomeron's tall figure mounting the stair, and I rushed forward to follow him.

It was at this juncture that a portion of our own party forced their way to the landing, and one of them, whose sword was broken, flung himself upon me, dagger in hand, shouting: "Death to traitors!" I had just time to seize his wrist. He tripped sideways over something that lay very quiet at our feet, and, dragging me down, we rolled over and over with the clash of blades over us. "It is I—fool—I, d'Auriac—let go!" I shouted, as he tried to stab at me.

"Let go, you!" sputtered d'Auriac's voice, and we loosed each other. I had no time for another word, and, grasping my sword, which was hanging to my wrist by the knot, I sprang up, and the next moment was hot foot after de Gomeron.

I managed somehow to force my way through the crowd, but the stairway was half full of men, and at the head of it stood the free lance with a red sword in his hand and two or three huddled objects that lay in shapeless masses around him.

Some one, with a reckless indifference to his own life—it was I, afterward found out, Pantin—held up a torch, and as the flare of it shot up the stairway de Gomeron threw back his head and laughed at us.

"Twenty to one—come, gentlemen—or must I come to you?" He took a couple of steps down the stairs, and the crowd that had made as if it would rush at him wavered and fell back, bearing me, hoarse with shouting for way, with them to the landing.

It was d'Ayen, and I felt a sudden warming of the heart to the man who was going to his death.

"You—you traitor!" he gasped, as, using his sword with his left hand, his sword ripped the free lance's ruff.

"Stand back, old fool—stand back—or there! Take it!" and with a sharp scream d'Ayen fell backward, the crowd splitting for a moment, so that he rolled to the foot of the stairs and came up at my feet. God rest his soul! He died at the last like a gallant man.

They were backing in confusion now, and above the din I could hear the mocking of de Gomeron.

"Come, gentlemen, do not delay; time presses."

One rush through at that time might have saved him, but he stood there playing with death. With an effort I pushed d'Ayen, who was still breathing,

against the side of the wall, to let the poor wretch die in such comfort as could be, and, seeing my chance at last, made my way to the front.

De Gomeron was half way down the stairs by this, and when our swords met, he did not for the moment recognize me. But at the second pass he realized, and the torchlight showed him pale to the forehead.

"You!" he said, between his teeth.

"Yes, I, from under the Seine;" and I had run him through the throat but for our position where the advantage was all his and my reach too short. He had backed a step up as I spoke. Whether it was my sudden appearance, or what, I know not; but from this moment his bravado left him, and he now fought doggedly, and for dear life.

There was a hiss behind me, and the light became brighter as more torches were brought, and I could now see the camarguer, white as a sheet, with two red spots on his cheeks.

"Do you like fighting a dead man, monsieur?" I asked, as I parried a thrust in tierce.

He half groaned, and the red spot on his cheek grew bigger, but he made no answer, and step by step I forced him upward.

He had been touched more than once, and there was a stain on his white satin doublet that was broadening each moment, whilst thrust and parry grew weaker, and something, I know not what, told me he was my man.

But he was a brave man if ever there was one, and he pulled himself together as we reached the upper landing for one last turn with the death that dogged him. So fierce was the attack he now made, that had he done so but a moment before, when the advantage of position was his, I know not what had happened. But now—it was different. He was my man, I was carried away by the fire within me, or else in pity I might have spared him—but there is no need to speak of this more. He thrust too high. I parried and returned, so that the cross hilt of my rapier struck dully over his heart, and he died where he fell.

But one word escaped him, some long-lost memory, some secret of that iron heart came up at the last.

"Denise!" he gasped, and was gone. I stood over him for a moment, a drumming in my ears, and then I heard the ringing of cheers and the rush of feet. Then a half dozen strong shoulders were at the door before me, and as it fell back with a crash I sprang in and took a tall, slim, white-robed figure in my arms and kissed her dear face again and again.

One by one those in the room stepped out and left us together, and for once a brave heart gave way and she sobbed like a child on my shoulder.

I said nothing but held her to me, and so we might have been for a half hour,

STEP BY STEP I FORCED HIM UPWARD.

when I heard de Belin's voice at the broken door: "D'Auriac! Come, man! The king waits, and bring your prisoner." There was a laugh in his voice and a light on his face as he spoke, and my dear lifted her swimming eyes to my face and I kissed her again, saying:

"Come, my prisoner!"

As we passed out I kept between Claude and the grim figure still lying stark on the landing, and held her to me, so that she could not see. So with Lisois before us we passed down the passage, filled now with men-at-arms, and halted before a room, the door of which was closed.

Then the door was flung open and a stream of light poured forth. We entered and saw the king standing surrounded by his friends, and a little on one side was the dejected group of conspirators.

The marshal, now abject, mean and cringing, was kneeling before Henry, who raised him as we entered, saying:

"Biron, and you, Trémouille, and you all who called yourselves my friends, and lay in wait to destroy me, and destroy your country, I cannot forget that we were old comrades, and for old friendships' sake I have already told you that I forgive, and God give you all as clean a conscience as I have over the blood that has been spilt today."

As Lafin, with a white and bleeding face, led his master away, Henry's eye fell on me, and he beckoned me to advance. I did so, leading Claude by the hand.

"Chevalier," he said, "it is saying little when I say that it is through you that these misguided gentlemen have realized their wrong-doing. There is one recompense you would not let me make you for the wrongs you have suffered. There is, however, a reward for your services, which perhaps you will accept from me. I see before me a royal ward who has defied her guardian—Ventre St. Gris! My beard is getting over gray to look after such dainties. I surrender my ward to your care." As he said this he took Claude's hand and placed it in mine. "I see, madame," he added, "that this time you have no objection to the king's choice. There quite right—kiss her, man."

They Get It Honestly.

"Why is it that women lay so much more stress than men do upon the value of a pedigree?"

"They inherit it from Eve, I guess."

"From Eve? I don't see what she had to boast of in that line."

"It wasn't much, but she wasn't made out of clay, while Adam was, and I'll bet she never got through reminding him of her superior origin."—Toronto News.

Proof of Genuineness.

Minnie—What frauds these beggars are. I met a "blind" man who said: "Please give me a penny, beautiful lady."

Mamie—Yes, he said that to me, you think he really was blind.—

## THE SITUATION IN CUBA.

Gen. Gomez's Declaration Simplifies the Situation on the Island—Commissioner R. P. Porter's Views.

HAVANA, Feb. 4.—Mr. Robert P. Porter before sailing for Miami, Fla., made the following statement: "While the situation here has been improved and simplified by the declaration of Gen. Gomez that he will immediately take part in the pacification of Cuba, the advantage thus gained should be followed up by the American authorities. The entire policing of the island should be done by the Cubans themselves. The real police work is in fact, now in the hands of the Cuban soldiers, and law and order are well maintained. There should not be a moment's delay in the organization and equipment of these civil guards."

The bulk of the American soldiers must be taken out of Cuba by April. There is really no necessity for more than two regiments in each province to serve as a background of support for the Cuban police. In giving the best of these people employment, all the more will be left of the relief fund for those who must be helped back to the land.

The feeling of distrust between the Cubans and the Americans has been temporarily checked by the message of Gen. Gomez to President McKinley and the president's reply through Secretary Itay. If the younger military elements of both armies will now get together and complete the several schemes for policing the provinces which at this moment are awaiting crystallization the problem will be solved. Delay in this work will be fatal. If such men as Gen. Gomez; Gen. Monteagudo; Gen. Rodriguez, of the Province of Pinar del Rio; Gen. Pedro Betancourt, of Matanzas province and others whom I know personally, will assure President McKinley and Gov. Gen. Brooke that law and order will be maintained, their pledge will be carried out at any cost.

"There is too much disposition to discuss minor details. There is too much hesitancy in bringing matters to a head. In the province of Santa Clara Monteagudo's admirable policing plan has been already put in operation, and it is one, as Gen. Leonard Wood told me yesterday, which is along right lines. The entire police work in that province, so Maj. Logan, provost marshal, informed me, has been done by Cubans since the evacuation.

"Why not take up at once and dispose of this matter? Things must be kept moving in Cuba or summer will overtake us with too many troops there. Our soldiers themselves fully realize the situation. They frankly say that their chief occupation is to guard each other while their chiefs in Washington, Havana and Remedios are exchanging confidences. The younger officers on both sides should come together and evolve preliminary policing plans and get those into working order without delay. Once this is well done, matters will take care of themselves in Cuba. At least that is my opinion."

It was a sweet and genuine tribute of human sympathy which this young lady paid to the overflowing kindness of the "sunshine man." There are a few such men—and women, too—in every community, and God seems to have set them there to keep the rest of the people from getting too sour and despondent and self-absorbed and unneighborly. They are the divinely-appointed promoters of optimism, these sunshine folk. Most people have a tendency to grow somber as they grow older—especially when they are abroad among strangers. One glance at the faces of people in any street car will prove this.—Standard.

## WHEN WE BEGAN.

It Was Not Until the Eighteenth Century That People Appreciated Natural Scenery.

In the eighteenth century people had begun to appreciate natural scenery, but chiefly when it took the form of extensive prospects,

ROYAL  
Baking PowderMade from pure  
cream of tartar.Safeguards the food  
against alum.Alum baking powders are the greatest  
menaces to health of the present day.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

## THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.]

Published every Tuesday and Friday by  
WALTER CHAMP, } Editors and Owners.  
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Fractions of lines count as full lines when running at line-rates.  
Obituary, 25 cents each.  
Cards of thanks, calls on candidates, recommendations respecting and matter of like nature, ten cents per line.  
Special rates given for large advertisements and yearly cards.

## "Young Birds,"

[Communicated.]

A NUMBER of the young men whom I hear talking about "hard times" and "no work," remind me of young birds who sit in their nests with their mouths wide open waiting for grub to fall in. I was asking one of these (citing him to certain work) why he did not try to get it. He said that it did not pay enough. I then asked him if it did not beat nothing. This is now such are loafers and don't deserve the bread they consume that it goes to more worthy people. It is an honest working man tired to such, I have a mind to say, by a healthy man who wants to work and shows up honest and faithful, will soon find a place, where, he will be sought for. And who will not work, Paul says, is not to eat. To this doctrine consciousness accents revelation.

J. M. THOMAS.

THE keel of the new battleship, Maine, was laid on February 15th at Philadelphia. This date will be the anniversary of the explosion in Havana harbor of the ship of that name. It is hoped that the new battleship will be ready to be launched on Feb. 15, 1900, the second anniversary of the Maine disaster.

Gov. BRADLEY told a reporter Saturday that he would not have another term as Governor of Kentucky as a gracious gift. He says that the office is a thankless one. There are at least a dozen distinguished Kentuckians now before the public, however, who do not agree with the Governor.

CAPT. COLBY M. CHESTER, who commanded the cruiser Cincinnati during the Spanish war, has been chosen to command the new battleship Kentucky. Here's looking at you, Captain, and may the old Commonwealth be proud of you both.

Two Mormon missionaries are having a warm old time in London. Their meetings have been broken up by mobs and the preachers barely escaped violent handling. The English seem to be copying Kentucky styles.

CINCINNATI wants to make her Zoo a municipal property. What does she want with a Zoo—hasn't she her politicians?

EVERYBODY seems to be giving the Louisville Dispatch a kick as it goes down hill.

TRY our Leader Coffee—six pounds for \$1.00. F. B. McDermott.

We are the people's friends. We repair your linen and put neck bands on free. HAGGARD & REED.

## GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

Theatrical And Otherwise—Remarks In The Foyer.

Richard Mansfield began an engagement in Boston last night in "Cyrano de Bergerac."

"The Christian" began its eighteenth week last night in New York. The play will be taken on the road March 6th.

The Ellis Grand Opera Company will give four performances at the Music Hall, in Cincinnati, beginning February 27th, producing German and Italian opera.

E. H. Sothern is playing at the Grand in Cincinnati this week, playing "The King's Musketeer." "A Colonial Daughter" will be given to-night and to-morrow. Camille Arville is appearing at the Walnut in "The Highwayman."

Chas. Hoyt, the famous writer of farces, is broken down in body and mind and is under the care of a physician. The recent death of his wife, Caroline Miskel Hoyt, and the failure of his new play, "A Dog In The Manger," are probably the cause his breaking down. His most notable successes were "A Rag Baby," "A Tin Soldier," "A Parlor Match," "A Midnight Bell," "A Hole in The Ground," "A Bunch of Keys," "A Milk White Flag," "A Brass Monkey," "A Stranger in New York," "A Contented Woman," "A Texas Steer," "A Black Sheep," "A Runaway Colt," and "A Trip to Chinatown."

The Latest In Sleeping Cars

The up-to-date idea of improvement is shown in new Pullman Drawing Room Sleeping Cars running daily from Louisville and Cincinnati to Chicago and to the East over the Pennsylvania Short Lines. The Pennsylvania always leads in introducing the newest and best traveling facilities. Travelers in quest of comfort should get acquainted with the new equipment. Inquiries on the subject will be answered by GEORGE E. ROCKWELL, A. G. P. Agt., Cincinnati.

SCINTILLATIONS.

An Interesting Jumble Of News And Comment.

An Elk Lodge will be organized at Maysville.

An account of the battle of Manila will be found on page two.

Sam Jones' meeting at Hopkinsville resulted in 300 conversions.

One Mt. Sterling man made \$1,300 last week on the rise in wheat.

The trial of editor C. C. Moore for sending obscene literature through the mails begins to-day at Cincinnati.

The remains of an ex-Confederate were escorted to the station at Logansport, Ind., by fifty G. A. R. Veterans.

The International Investment company of Mt. Sterling, filed articles of incorporation Friday. Capital stock \$50,000. The principal incorporators are Brown Cornelison, R. S. Gaitiskin and Roger N. Cornelison.

Mardi Gras

at New Orleans and Mobile QUEEN &amp; CRESCENT Route, limited trains, equipped with elegance, running on fast time. One fare round trip tickets from Cincinnati and the north on sale daily, February 6 to 13, good until Feb. 28, to return. Also to Birmingham, Ala., on the same dates. W. C. RINEARSON, G. P. A., Cincinnati, Ohio.

S. S. ABNEY, mail carrier, will haul light baggage to and from depot. Terms very reasonable. Leave orders at Post office. (tf)

Insure your property against fire, wind and lightning in the Hurst Home Insurance Co., a safe and reliable company.

O. W. MILLER, Agent, Paris, Ky.

NEW YORK, Edam, pine-apple, Neufchatel cheese.

(tf) NEWTON MITCHELL.

TRY our Leader Coffee—six pounds for \$1.00. F. B. McDermott.

NUTS, raisins, dates, figs, currants, seedless raisins.

(tf) NEWTON MITCHELL.

FOR SALE—One large anthracite stove. Apply to Dr. Ussery. (2t)

F. B. CARR, Agent.

## An Heir Comes To Life.

JAMES P. WILSON, who left Kentucky about ten years ago, and has been a son to his relatives and has put in his claim as dead, has returned to Kentucky to claim \$3,000 which his aunt, Mrs. Cleary, who lived near the Bourbon-Harrison line, willed to him eight years ago. The estate was recently settled, and as the law supposes a man dead if he has not been heard from for seven years, Wilson has barely missed being declared legally dead. His bequest would have gone to his children.

The Palace Hotel.

This Palace Hotel at Cincinnati is always headquarters for Kentuckians. Under the liberal management of Mr. Maxwell the Palace is justly popular. Located in the Center of the city at Sixth and Vine, it is convenient to all business houses and places of amusement. The fare is unexcelled. Both American and European plans. American \$2 and \$2.50 a day; European, rooms \$1. Stop there next time you are in Cincinnati.

Judgment Against The L. &amp; N.

THE Court of Appeals Friday affirmed the judgment of the Lincoln Circuit Court in awarding D. S. Cooley's administrators \$4,000 against the L. &amp; N. Cooley, who was employed as a brakeman on the L. &amp; N., was killed while passing over the Maysville bridge, near this city.

The Eagle King of All Birds, is noted for its keen sight, clear and distinct vision. So are those persons who use Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve for weak eyes, sore eyes of any kind or granulated lids. Sold by all dealers at 25 cents.

Weak Eyes are Made Strong, dim vision made clear, stylos removed and granulated lids or sore eyes of any kind speedily and effectively cured by the use of Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve. It's put up in tubes, and sold on a guarantee by all good druggists.

THERE are eggs and eggs. The egg of yesterday looks, feels, measures and weighs like the egg of last month, but there's a difference in another respect, and that difference is worth money. It's just so with laundry. The difference between good work and poor is slight to the unpracticed discernment, but it's a difference that counts every time. It's a difference that changes your laundry bill from an expense to an investment. We do good work—it will cost no more than poor work but its worth double the difference.

BOURBON STEAM LAUNDRY.

Lung Irritation is the forerunner to consumption. Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey will cure it, and give such strength to the lungs that a cough or a cold will not settle there. Twenty five cents at all good druggists.

W. S. Anderson, Of Peck, P. O., Pike Co., O., Recommends Wright's Celery Capsules. To the Wright Med. Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Gents—I have purchased a box of Wright's Celery Capsules from James T. Blaser, druggist, Waverly, O., and used them for Stomach Complaints. I am unable to do anything for nearly two years, and three boxes of your Celery Capsules and they have cured me. For the benefit of others afflicted I wish to send this letter.

Very truly yours,

W. S. ANDERSON.

Sold by all druggists at 50c and \$1 per box. Send address on postal to the Wright Med. Co., Columbus, O., for trial size, free.

## RAILROAD TIME CARD.

L. &amp; N. R. R.

ARRIVAL OF TRAINS: From Cincinnati—10:58 a. m.; 5:38 p. m.; 10:10 p. m. From Lexington—5:11 a. m.; 7:45 a. m.; 3:33 p. m.; 6:27 p. m. From Richmond—5:05 a. m.; 7:40 a. m.; 3:28 p. m. From Maysville—7:42 a. m.; 8:25 p. m.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS: To Cincinnati—5:15 a. m.; 7:51 a. m.; 3:40 p. m. To Lexington—7:47 a. m.; 11:05 a. m.; 5:45 p. m.; 10:14 p. m. To Richmond—11:08 a. m.; 5:48 p. m.; 10:16 p. m. To Maysville—7:50 a. m.; 6:35 p. m.

F. B. CARR, Agent.

## "BIG FOUR"

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BEST LINE TO AND FROM

## TOLEDO &amp; DETROIT

All Points in Michigan.

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Be sure your tickets read via "BIG FOUR."

O. McCORMICK, Passenger Traffic Mgr. D. B. MARTIN, Gen. Pass. &amp; Tkt. Agt.

## FOMENTATIONS.

How to Prepare Them When No Hot Water Is at Hand.

Fomentations of hot or cold water are often very useful, and every one should know how to give them. A flannel cloth may be folded, wrung out of hot or cold water as is desired and applied directly to the skin. It is much better after wringing out the flannel as dry as desired to fold it in a dry flannel cloth of one or two thicknesses before applying it to the patient. A little time is required for the heat of the fomentation to penetrate the dry flannel, and thus the skin is allowed an opportunity to acquire tolerance for the heat, and a higher degree of temperature can be borne if the moist cloth is brought directly into contact with the surface. The outer fold of dry flannel will also serve to keep the cloth warm by preventing evaporation.

A hot fomentation is sometimes needed when no hot water is at hand. It is not necessary to wait for water to be heated in the usual way. Soak the flannel in cold water, wring as dry as desired, fold in a newspaper and lay upon the stove or wrap it about the stove-pipe. In a few minutes it will be as warm as the patient can bear. The paper keeps the pipe from becoming moistened by the wet flannel and at the same time prevents the flannel from being soiled by contact with the pipe.

Fomentations thoroughly applied will relieve most of the local pains for which liniments, lotions and poultices are generally applied and are greatly to be preferred to these remedies since they are cleaner and aid nature more effectually in restoring the injured parts to a sound condition.

The fomentation may be changed frequently, and after it has been removed massage may be given either by the person himself or another, so as to strengthen the part and promote a better circulation of blood in it.—Exchange.

## KITTIES IN A JUNKSHOP.

They Are Old Sewing Machines That Are Bought For \$1.

"Got any kitties?"

The junk dealer looked startled, for the question betokened an intimate knowledge of the jargon of his kind.

"Why, yes, I guess so," he responded when he could get his breath. What the buyer meant was an old sewing machine which could be turned in to the sewing machine company as part payment on a new machine. The company allows \$5 on an old machine, and sometimes the agent or canvasser allows \$5 more out of his commission on the sale.

The public imagines that in some way these old machines are valuable to the company, but, in truth, they are of use only as arguments in forcing a sale. In the standard makes of machines there is supposed to be absolutely no cut in prices, and the only way that a seeming reduction can be made is by taking in an old machine and allowing for it. The company does this not for the sake of getting the machine, but for the sake of making a trade. Once the old timer is in their possession it is broken up and sold to a junk dealer.

The companies know, of course, that a large number of the families who turn in old machines said to have been bought by them before the flood really come from the secondhand stores and cost only \$1. At this rate the buyer gets an allowance of \$10, which, deducting the \$1, leaves net \$9. If there does happen to be an old one in the possession of the family, the whole \$10 is realized.—New York Press.

## Midnight Harmonies.

The quaint old English church poet George Herbert was walking to Salisbury one evening to join a musical party when he met a poor man with a poorer horse that had fallen under his load. They were both in distress, and Mr. Herbert pulled off his coat and helped the man to unload his horse. He then gave him some money and left him. At his arriving at Salisbury his friends wondered at his coming into their company so soiled and discomposed. He explained the cause, and when one remarked that he had disgraced himself so by dirty an employment he answered that the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience. "For if I am bound to pray for all that be in distress so far as it is in my power I am to practice what I pray for, and, let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul or showing mercy, and I bless God for this occasion. These are the places in which to attune one's conscience to midnight music."

M. D. F. R. S.

An eminent physician and Fellow of the Royal Society, seeing over the door of a paltry alehouse, the Crown and Thistle, by Malcolm MacTavish, M. D., F. R. S., walked in and severely rebuked the landlord for this presumptuous insult to science. Boniface, with proper respect, but with a firmness that showed he had been a soldier, assured the doctor that he meant no insult to science. "What right, then," asked he, "have you to put up those letters after your name?"

"I have," answered the landlord, "as good a right to these as your honor, as drum major of the Royal Scots fusiliers."—Sanitarium.

## The Modern Drama.

"Have you copyrighted your play?" asked the theatrical manager.

"No," replied the dramatist, lowering his voice, "but I copied it right."

—Chicago Tribune.

When a man loses an ear, by paying from \$100 to \$125 he can procure another made of specially prepared rubber that can be crumpled without injury and is carefully painted to resemble the

FRANK & CO.  
404 MAIN STREET, PARIS, KY.New Goods,  
New Styles,  
New Patterns.  
Prices Right,  
Style Right,  
Goods Right.

After the most successful week of sales in the history of our business we will be ready Monday, January 23rd, with our New Spring Styles in

Hamburgs,  
Laces,  
Percal.Piques,  
Cheviots,

Sheetings.

Dimities,  
Gingham,  
Welts,  
Shirtings,  
Cottons,  
Linens.Ready-Made Sheets,  
Pillow Cases and Bolsters.

All at Prices that meet all legitimate competition.

FRANK &amp; CO.



## THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.)

(Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as  
Second class mail matter.)

## TELEPHONE NO. 124.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.  
(Payable in Advance.)  
One year.....\$2.00 Six months.....\$1.00NEWS COSTS: YOU CAN'T EVEN GET A RE-  
PORT FROM A GUN FREE OF CHARGE.Make all Checks, Money Orders, Etc.,  
payable to the order of CHAMP & MILLER.LENT begins on the 5th—a week from  
to-morrow.THE will of B. F. Schooler was pro-  
bated yesterday.JOHN CHILDERS has sold his house on  
Williams street to a colored woman for  
\$600.DR. C. H. BOWEN, the optician, will  
be at A. J. Winters & Co.'s. Thursday,  
February 9th. Examination free.AUCTIONEER FORSYTH yesterday sold  
for Sheriff Geo. Bowen, 450 bushels of  
wheat at 66 cents, to B. M. Renick.PRESSLY MADISON, the Montgomery  
county rape fiend, who was captured  
near Millersburg, was given twenty  
years by the Montgomery Circuit Court.CLAY STONE and E. G. Daugherty, of  
this city, will be members of the gradu-  
ating class at Kentucky University this  
year. Miss Francis Butler will gradu-  
ate from State College.CHAS. FOX, a negro, was knocked  
down by a policeman Friday in May-  
ville as he was in the act of robbing  
Wm. Gibson, of this county. Fox is in  
jail awaiting trial. Gibson had \$75 in  
his pocket.HENRY LAWRENCE, who was in-  
dicted by the Montgomery grand jury for  
horse stealing, forfeited his bail of  
\$500 several days ago. The Montgomery  
officers traced him over several counties,  
and he was arrested in Bourbon last  
week by Deputy Sheriff Jas. Burke.  
He has been taken back to Mt. Sterling.

## The Treaty Ratified.

THE Senate yesterday afternoon rat-  
ified the Peace Treaty by a vote of 57 to  
27, or three votes more than the necessary  
two-thirds. Senators Lindsay and  
Deboe voted for the treaty.

## Hemp Crops Bought.

WARREN BACON has bought the fol-  
lowing crops of hemp for Brent Bros.,  
35,000 pounds of hemp from  
Sidney G. Clay, 25,000 from Henry Bid-  
dle, 150,000 from Ed Burke and W. C.  
Massie, and 10,000 pounds from Hall &  
Scott, Shawhan. The price paid for all  
of the crops was \$4.50 per cwt.

## New Church Members.

WOOD TURNER made the confession  
Sunday morning at the Christian Church  
and was immersed after the night ser-  
vice.MISSES NANNIE and Eva Ward united  
with the Baptist Church Sunday morn-  
ing.

## Escaped Prisoners Return.

GEO. LANNAN, the Paris negro who  
killed "Doc" Caldwell in Cynthiana dur-  
ing the summer, and who escaped from  
the Cynthiana jail Tuesday night with  
four other prisoners returned to the jail  
Wednesday and gave himself up because  
of the exceedingly cold weather. Three  
of the other prisoners were held for  
housebreaking, and the other was a safe  
robber. All but one returned to the jail.

## The Monday Night Club.

THE Monday Night Literary Club met  
last night with Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Hin-  
ton, on High street. The program in-  
cluded a paper on "Richard III," by  
Miss Lelia Johnson; reading from  
"Woodman" by Miss Chornie Kern; paper  
on "Dunbar and Douglas," by  
Miss Fannie Ingels; reading from "Rich-  
ard III," by Miss Etta McClintock;  
Quotations from "Richard III."

## Lt. Ben Frank Arrives.

LIEUTENANT BEN FRANK who recent-  
ly resigned his army position as  
Port Surgeon of Fajardo, Porto Rico,  
arrived home Friday night, having  
come to New York Tuesday on the trans-  
port Berlin. He enlisted in the hospital  
corps of the First Kentucky and was  
promoted three times. Lt. Frank ex-  
perienced many hardships during his  
service in the army, and returns with a  
good record.Lieut. Frank brought home a bright  
little Porto Rican youth, named Domini-  
go, aged about fifteen, who was in his  
service in Porto Rico. He is an ex-  
ceptionally smart little fellow and is de-  
lighted with the United States. He  
speaks Spanish fluently and is learning  
English rapidly.My agency insures against  
fire, wind and storm—best old re-  
liable, prompt paying compa-  
nies—non-union.

W. O. HINTON, Agent.

## Rev. Pearson's Meeting.

## PERSONAL MENTION.

## An International Conversation.

COMERS AND GOERS OBSERVED BY  
THE NEWS MAN.Notes Hastily Jotted On The Streets, At  
The Depots, In The Hotel Lobbies And  
Elsewhere.—Mr. Will Simms is in Cincinnati on  
business.—E. A. Richey left Saturday for Rich-  
mond, Ind.—Mrs. J. T. Hedges was in Lexington  
yesterday.—Mrs. C. M. Clay, Jr., was a visitor in  
Lexington, Saturday.—Mrs. Jas. Leach, of Cynthiana, was a  
visitor in Paris Saturday.—Miss Carrie Gardner, of Fayette, is a  
guest at Mr. Hutchcraft's.—Mr. Jack McCord, of Winchester, was a  
visitor in Paris, Sunday.—Miss Sue Buckner, of Winchester, is the  
guest of Miss Sadie Hart.—Miss Lillie Daniel arrived home yes-  
terday from a visit in Winchester.—Miss Jessie Kriener left Saturday for  
a visit to relatives in Lexington.—Mr. Claude Ewalt left last night for  
Boston to engage in the horse business.—Mr. W. O. Carrick, of Georgetown, was a court day visitor in Paris yester-  
day.—Mr. Ed. Simms has returned from a  
business trip to Arkansas and Memphis.—Miss Bessie Rogers will leave this  
week for Missouri where she will teach  
school.—Miss Kate Alexander left yesterday  
for a visit to the Misses Johnson, at Mt.  
Sterling.—Miss Patie Letton arrived home  
yesterday from a visit to relatives in  
Lexington.—Capt. S. G. Sharp, of Lexington, was  
one of the court day visitors in this city  
yesterday.—Miss Mattie Hedges, of Lexington, was  
the guest of Mrs. Charles Clendinning  
Sunday.—Mrs. Jake Slaughter returned to  
Eminence yesterday after a visit to Mrs.  
A. J. Winters.—Mr. J. K. Vansant, of Flemings-  
burg, came up last week to visit his son,  
Dr. J. T. Vansant.—Mrs. Florence Lockhart attended the  
meeting of the Woman's Club in  
Lexington Saturday.—Attorney R. P. Dow, Jr., left yes-  
terday for Harrodsburg where he is en-  
gaged in a divorce case.—Miss Lucy Thornton, of Cynthiana,  
who has been visiting relatives in the  
city, left Saturday for her home.—Mrs. Sherlock, who has been a guest  
at Mr. G. B. Alexander's, returned yes-  
terday to her home in Covington.—Mr. G. W. Stoner, of Illinois, ar-  
rived Saturday to visit relatives in Bour-  
bon and attend the Lexington horse  
sales.—Misses Alice and Eddie Spears will  
entertain the Violet Whist Club Friday  
evening at their home on Mt. Airy  
avenue.—The Sufolla Club will give a dance  
at Odd Fellows' Hall on the evening of  
the 22d. Saxton's orchestra will furnish  
the music.—Mrs. Ulie Howard, who has been  
visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C.  
Alexander, returned Saturday to her  
home in Covington.—Mrs. Harvey Ireland and grand-  
daughter, Miss Georgie May Ireland,  
who have been visiting Mr. Alva Craw-  
ford, leave for Chillicothe, Mo., to-day.—A. J. Castillo, of Tampa, Fla., a very  
interesting Cuban gentleman, was regis-  
tered at the Fordham Sunday and yes-  
terday. He is traveling for a cigar  
house.—Prof. F. P. Walker, of Sharpsburg  
Female college, came home Friday for a  
short visit to his mother, Mrs. Lizzie  
Purnell Saturday, and his examining  
trial was continued until to-morrow.—Mrs. Augustus Thomas, of Evans-  
ville, Indiana, accompanied by her pret-  
ty little daughter Hunter, arrived yes-  
terday morning to visit her cousin, Miss  
Maud Stont.—Mr. Thomas Gentry, of Palmyra,  
Mo., brother of Mrs. Lillie Gentry Lee,  
who visited this city last year, was the  
guest of Attorney Harmon Stitt, Friday  
and Saturday.—Eld. Z. T. Sweeney left yesterday  
for his home in Columbus, Indiana, af-  
ter preaching two fine sermons Sunday  
at the Christian Church. He will re-  
turn to this city in time to preach again  
next Sunday.—Editor G. R. Keller, of the Carlisle  
Mercury, and one of the cleverest gentle-  
men in Kentucky, was in the city yes-  
terday in the interest of his candidacy  
for the Democratic nomination for Sec-  
retary of State.—The New York correspondent of the  
Cincinnati Enquirer says: "B. A. Frank  
and J. W. Davis, two hustling mer-  
chants of Paris, Ky., who have an eye  
single to all the good things in a busi-  
ness way, are at the Stuart."—The Lexington Leader says: "Miss  
Lutie William, of Paris, sister of Mr.  
B. F. Williams, of this city, was chosen  
President of the Federation of Clubs in  
Paris. Miss William is a very hand-  
some and intelligent woman and her  
friends think the honor very happily  
conferred."

## Rev. Pearson's Meeting.

## PERSONAL MENTION.

## An International Conversation.

A DOZEN Parisians witnessed an  
amusing meeting Sunday evening in  
Vrden's drug store between Domingo,  
Lieut. Ben Frank's Porto Rican portegue,  
and Lee Kwong, Chinese youth who  
boards with Hop Lee."Howdo, Senor," said the Porto Rican  
acknowledging the introduction.  
"Howdo," replied the Chinaman.  
"You speak Spanish?" asked the Porto  
Rican, gesturing."You talk China?" asked the Celestial.  
"Yaas, Yaas," replied Domingo.  
"No, no. You Jap," said Lee."No, no, I'm Porto Rican," answered  
Domingo.

"You Jap. You Jap," said the Celestial.

"No," said Domingo, "yōu hoc que,"  
replied Domingo, quickly catching from  
a Parisian the Chinese term for "negro".The conversation then became unintel-  
ligible and was declared a draw.

## "Petticoats Among The Briars."

THE current number of the American  
Field contains an interesting sketch called  
"Petticoats Among The Briars," written  
by Mrs. Junius Clay, of this city. It  
is a description of her first quail hunt in  
Nicholas county. The sketch is illus-  
trated by a fine snap-shot of Mrs. Clay  
beside her dog, holding her gun and a  
bunch of birds.

## OBITUARY.

Respectfully Dedicated To The Memory  
Of The Dead.W. H. Doane, of near Jacksonville,  
died last week, and was buried at Odd-  
ville, Harrison county.At Owenton, Lytle McHatton, aged  
eighty-four, and his wife, aged eighty-  
two, died of pneumonia within one day  
of each other. They were buried to-  
gether.E. G. Harrison, of Xenia, Ohio, who  
married Miss Mallie Meng, of North  
Middletown, died suddenly Sunday  
of heart trouble at Hot Springs, Ark.Mr. and Mrs. Harrison left their  
home several weeks ago for a trip to  
improve Mr. Harrison's health. They  
came to this county for a visit to Mr.  
and Mrs. Jas. Meng, parents of Mrs.  
Harrison, and left about ten days ago  
for Hot Springs. It is a sad coincidence  
that Mr. Harrison should die at Hot  
Springs where he first met Miss  
Meng, whom he married about a year  
ago. The deceased was a well-to-do  
hemp manufacturer of Xenia, O. Mr.  
and Mrs. Meng and Ford Brent have  
gone to Xenia to attend the funeral  
which will be held to-morrow. The  
deceased's sister, who visited in this city  
last Fall, is now traveling with friends  
in Germany.Twenty five per cent. discount on  
all Winter underwear at Price & Co.'s, clothiers.

## NUPTIAL KNOTS.

Engagements, Announcements And Sol-  
emnizations Of The Marriage Vows.A. P. Hughes and Miss Eliza Connor,  
both of this county, were married late  
Saturday night.S. B. Ashbaugh was married Thurs-  
day at Newtown to Miss Jett at the  
home of her father.

## BIRTHS.

The Advent Of Our Future Men And  
Women.To the wife of Herman Cheatham, of  
the L. & N., a daughter.In this city to the wife of Geo. Speaks,  
a daughter—second born.

## STOCK AND TURF NEWS.

Sales and Transfers Of Stock, Crop, Etc.  
Turf Notes.Lynch & Son, of Sykesville, Md., pur-  
chased a car-load of mules here last  
week.Dr. M. S. Browne, of Winchester, has  
bought fifty acres of land near that city  
at \$120 per acre, from D. W. Trimble,  
of Mt. Sterling.Milton Young, of Lexington, has  
bought from Capt. Sam Brown, of Pitts-  
burg, the thoroughbred stallions, Trou-  
badour and Blue Wing, and eleven  
brood mares. Blue Wing is by Imp.  
Billet. The prices were private.—Mr. Thomas Gentry, of Palmyra,  
Mo., brother of Mrs. Lillie Gentry Lee,  
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## THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.)  
Published every Tuesday and Friday by  
WALTER CHAMP, Editors and Owners

## THE MODEL BOY.

Once on a time there lived a lad, who loved his books and rule,  
And wept all through vacation 'cause there wasn't any school,  
Who liked to "dress up" Sundays and to wash his hands and face,  
And said he'd rather be in church than any other place;

Who loved his Sunday-school book tales of "Patent Crippled Jane,"  
And hated trashy stories like "The Scalper of the Plains."

When then his comrades came,  
To bid him join their game,  
Would tease his folks to let him stay at home and bring in wood,  
Or let him weed the garden, for he'd rather, if he could.

When Christmas came, the presents that he wished for most, were those called "useful"—such as ties and gloves and handkerchiefs and clothes;

He screamed and wrapt himself if they gave him toys, "tis said,  
And, on the morning of the "Fourth" he asked to be abed.

He loathed ice cream and lemonade and candy, tarts and cake,  
But castor oil and rhubarb he deliberately would take.

While jelly, jam and pie,  
He'd pass in horror by;

And when to town there chanced to come a circus or a show,

He always ran away and hid for fear he'd have to go.

So in my youth, when I had been particularly bad,

My parents and my grandma used to tell me of this lad.

And, since I've older grown, I find that nearly every boy

Has had this "model child" held up to poster and annoy.

If you should ask me where he lives, I really do not know;

Perhaps in Iceland, India, or beside the Hoang-Ho.

But this is safe to say,

"Tis not in the U. S. A.;

And though I've never met him, and am not expecting to,

I've had him preached to me so much, I'll kill him when I do.

—Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

## Borrowed Plumes

By E. Nesbit

IT WAS the ideal place for a summer holiday—a pleasant old farm with a red roof, where lichens grew in patches of yellow, and the stonecrop and house leeks in patches of green; a house with long, low rooms, elbow grease, and beds whose coarse homespun linen sheets smelt of lavender.

There were, indeed, two lavender bushes in the garden, as well as roses and stocks, sweet clove-pinks and "old man." The farm was stocked with interesting live creatures—cows, pigs, chickens, turkeys, and pigeons; there were sheep dotting the down behind the house, and from the front windows, across the orchard, where the apples were beginning to grow hard and round, you could see the long, shining, blue line of the sea.

Mabel Roscommon liked that sea line, and she liked the garden, the orchard, and the rest of it—all but the turkeys. She was a little afraid of these, because she was by profession a high school teacher and had been taught how to manage children, but not how to manage turkeys—an art, by the way, much simpler. Now she had come to the farm for her summer holidays. To be alone was new to her, for she was one of a large family; and to be for whole weeks in this country was new to her, too, for she had never before been near the sea for more than a week at a time. The down country was to her a revelation.

She had a big sitting-room to herself and shared the simple meals of the farmer and his wife. The laborers and the maids ate at the lower end of the long table. Mabel thought it was such a nice place—it reminded her somehow of the feudal system. The dignified simplicity of farm life appealed to her. Gradually a passion of love awoke in her for the little, ordinary, useful everyday things—the needful work repeated at the appropriate hour, the changing magic of morn and noon and evening, the restful distances of down and sea, the intimate foregrounds of hedge and orchard. At first she read a good deal, but gradually more and more time was spent with Mrs. Fry. Mabel followed her in and out to the dairy, to the kitchen, to feed the pigs, to collect the eggs. And the eyes of the faded middle-aged woman grew tender, though her words were always the explanatory commonplace or the mournful biographical.

But one day—it was the day when Miss Roscommon first churned the butter—Mrs. Fry sighed and said: "My little Alice would ha' been about your age if she'd lived. I own I should ha' dearly to ha' taught her to churn!" It was that night that Mabel kissed Mrs. Fry when she said "good-night," and almost wished as she crept between the cold, lavender sheets, that she had been born a farmer's daughter. She had discovered her vocation. It was not teaching, as she had steadfastly believed, nor literature, as she had secretly dreamed; her true vocation was the pastoral life—not to forget the great life of the world, the hurry and bustle, the cleverness and bravery, the wise and the great; not to forget them—to honor them from afar, but to take no further part in the strife and struggle of strenuous life; to watch it from the safe haven of the little life, the quiet, ordered, placid life of the farm. This was her vocation—her fate was high school teaching.

When Robert Fry came home—the only son of his mother, the farmer's wife—Mabel shared in the bustle of glad preparation that heralded his coming. He was in business in London, but he was coming home for his holiday, his mother said.

"But he hates the business," she went on. "He got a scholarship to go to Oxford, for he's very clever, my dear; but it was not enough to keep him there, and it was the year we did so badly with the wheat, so father couldn't spare enough to let him go; so then Bob gave in and said: 'All right, I'll go into business, for I don't want to stay at farming.' So his uncle took him into the mantles, where he might be doing well; but I wish he'd never gone to school, I do, then he'd be a content to stay and help his father about the old place that's belonged to the Frys no one knows how long. You can see their names in the churchyard."

It was in the churchyard, amid the moss-grown headstones, that Miss Roscommon not only saw the names of many dead and gone Frys, but made the acquaintance of the newcomer. He came to her across the field that lay between the house and the church, and she could see his fair hair shining in the sun. He was tall and handsome, she thought.

"My mother sent me to tell you that tea is ready. It's half an hour earlier than usual. Yes, I've just come down. It all seems very beautiful, after London, doesn't it?"

"It's so beautiful," said Mabel, "that I am beginning to wonder how I shall ever be able to leave it."

He walked beside her for awhile in silence, then he said:

"You were at Girtton, my mother tells me. Don't you find this sort of thing strange after the stirring intellectual life there?"

She laughed a little.

"Don't think we were very intellectual—" she began.

"I feel so much all I have missed," he said. "If only my father had not sown wheat that year."

"Yes," she said, "I know; it was very hard."

She was interested in the boy, for, though he was of her own age, he seemed to her infinitely young. His naive, blundering anxiety to let her see that he, too, knew all about the "intellectual life," his respect for her as a Girtton girl, and, above all, a certain wistful sadness about his blue eyes, stirred her half-amused sympathy. His voice was hard, defiant, and her eyes were hard and scornful. She was very angry.

"And so you thought you would meet me, or my like, among the young ladies who serve in the mantles." Thank you."

"You aren't a snob, really," he said, quietly. "Please don't talk like one just to annoy me."

It was hard hitting—the gloves off on both sides. Each drew a long breath. The level shadows of the tree trunks lay thick and black across the orchard grass.

"You despise me," he said; "don't try to make me despise you. Not that you could. I know you better than you know yourself. How could I know what chance there was for me in London? I have found you, and found you here. If I had gone to college—if my father had not sown wheat that year I should be your social equal, and a gentleman."

"You have a great deal of faith in Oxford," she said, with cold malice.

"You'll only be sorry afterwards," he said. "Why hit a man when he's down? I love you from your head to your feet I love your voice and your dear brown eyes, and that smile of yours. I love you, body, soul and spirit; but I'm not worthy to tell you so. Forgive me and forget it. It was for you I wanted to go to college, for you I went to London. I was a fool, but it was for you because I have dreamed of you all my life. Now I've told you, and it's all over."

"What are you going to do? Shall you go back to London?" Her voice was low and not quite steady.

"No, I've had enough of that. I shall stay here and help my father to work the farm. Yes, I shall have books—know you despise them, but that's because you have got all you want out of them. I shall help to farm the land and look after my mother, and read and try to forget you."

He had risen and stood looking down at her. She rose, too. They stood looking at each other. He was no longer a boy in her eyes—he was a man and her master. She perceived now how the affectations that had annoyed her were not part of the man, but merely the trappings he had put on—foolishly vainly put on—to gain her approval.

She thought of his life, alone in the crowded high school. She raised her eyes to his, and her eyes were full of tears.

"Don't be unhappy about me," he said, eagerly. "I ought never to have told you, and it is not so hard really as I had never known you, for I could never have settled down here where I really belong, and have done my plain duty. I should have wandered all over the world looking for you. Now I shall have the memory of you to keep me company, and I can do what I ought to have done long ago, and what I should have wanted to do but for wanting to find you. You are not to be unhappy—I am not; I am glad."

Her tears brimmed over and fell. This, then, was the nature he had thought too poor to show her; this the soul he had covered up with borrowed plumes.

"Forgive me," he said, again. "I ought not to have told you, but I never thought it would hurt you like this. Believe me. I shall be glad all my life that I have known you, and all the farm and the fields about will be dear to me forever now. You will do me good, and not evil, all the days of your life."

"What am I to talk about, then?"

"I have an idea," she said, flashing a brilliant smile at him. "Let us never talk at all, unless we have something we very much want to say."

He stood looking at her, still wistfully. "You're not angry with me, are you?" he said.

"Angry? No, of course not; and you mustn't be angry with me. It was very bad-tempered of me, because I know you were only doing it to please me. But you won't any more, will you? It's not necessary."

"What am I to talk about, then?"

"I have an idea," she said, flashing a brilliant smile at him. "Let us never talk at all, unless we have something we very much want to say."

He smiled back at her, but his smile was a little sad. Yet he accepted the new basis of conversation. In the first day or two their talk lost in bulk, but in quality it gained. Then Miss Roscommon awoke to the fact that he was talking as much as ever, and she more

## A HOT LITTLE MAN.

But He Was Quickly Called Down by a Small Conductor with a Large Nerve.

"I was on a chair car in Texas a few right ago to the other side of San Antonio," said a New Orleans business man, "when typical frontier tough got aboard. He was a little chap, but powerfully built, and about half drunk. As soon as he came in he drew a revolver that looked as big as a stovepipe and bawled out: 'I'm the hottest man this side of El Paso. I can lick any galoot on the train.' There were some ladies at the far end of the car, and a good-looking man, who was with them, half rose, as if to put a stop to the disturbance. He reconsidered the enterprise, however, and sent for the conductor instead. Meanwhile the wandering eyes of the strangers lit on the head rests of the chairs, which were rounded padded disks about a foot across. Naturally they were suggestive of targets, and he proceeded to draw bead on several. The occupants promptly sought seclusion under the seats, greatly to the edification of the bad man with the gun. 'Wow! wow!' he roared, 'I'm the hottest gent in Texas. Watch me plug that feller in the heel!' The passengers referred to crawled hastily into the wood box, and, to tell the truth, we were all in a state of pitiable funk. Just then the conductor came walking briskly in. He, too, was a little fellow, but he had a voice like a megaphone. 'Where's that bad man?' he boomed. We held our breaths and looked for a tragedy in store. 'Here I am,' yelled the other chap. 'Wow! I'm the hottest—' Yes, I heard about that,' said the conductor, walking right up to him, 'gimme that gun.' To my amazement, the stranger permitted him to take it without the least resistance. 'Now look here,' the conductor went on, 'you're too warm for this car. We've got a stove here, and you make it unpleasant. So you get right out on that platform, blast your eyes, and stay there until you lose some of your heat.' The hot man weekly allowed himself to be propelled through the door, and stayed on the platform all the rest of the trip. The men inside looked at each other sheepishly, and I asked the conductor confidentially how he dared take such chances. 'Oh, there wasn't any risk,' he said. 'I had the fellow sized up. If he had been somebody else, I might have acted differently. One of the first things you've got to learn in this business is how to tell a bluffer.' —N. O. Times-Democrat.

—N. O. Times-Democrat.</

# FUNNY FOLKS

**Libel on a First-Class Hotel.**  
A Caribou man lately wandered into a remote hotel that doesn't keep a dictionary, and on coming down in the morning was asked by the landlord how he rested. "O," replied the gentleman, "I suffered nearly all night from insomnia." The landlord was mad in a minute and roared: "I'll bet you two dollars there ain't one in my house."—Keenebee Journal.

**They're Living in Town Now.**  
When you and I were young, lass,  
I roamed the fields with you;  
In rustic swings we swung, lass,  
And the sky above was blue;  
But years have filtered by, lass,  
Since you and I roamed there—  
Now we seldom see the sky, lass,  
Through the smoke that fills the air.—Chicago Record.

A NEW DYE.



Kitty—O, pa! how much beer would it take to dye all my daddies' frocks red?  
Pa—Beer? Why, you can't dye things with beer, child!

Kitty—O, but I'm sure I heard ma say it was beer that made your nose red, pa!—Fun.

OUTSIDE THE RISK.  
Life is not all a merry skate—  
Don't be a reckless crank;  
Where ice is thin, and crowds are great,  
Just stay right on the bank.—Detroit Free Press.

A DIPLOMATIST.  
"I say, Jimmie, d'yer ma beat yer when yer got in last night?"  
"No; you bet she didn't."  
"My, you got off easy."  
"Yes; you see, she was 'fraid I'd yell so loud I'd wake the baby."—Illustrated American.

NOT SAYING MUCH FOR HER.  
Blabmore—Admitting that Boobley is henpecked, I'm surprised that his wife boasts of it.  
Boobley—Does she, indeed?  
Blabmore—Yes—she's been frequently heard to say that she's made him what he is to-day.—Roxbury Gazette.

THE CHIEF HERO.  
Little Edgar—Papa, who was the greatest hero of the war?  
Papa—Capt. Bibbleson, I guess. His magazine story is three pages longer than any of the rest of them has written.—Chicago Daily News.

THE UNTORED SAVAGE.  
Moner's root of all evil.  
As the civilized person agrees; it is only the savage who thinks he may find the stuff growing on trees.—Chicago Daily News.

A CONSIDERATE LOVER.  
"I always look out for number one," said the selfish man; "don't you?"  
"Well, hardly," said the person addressed, who happened to be a widow; "I am looking out for number two."—Tit-Bits.

SUSPICIOUS.  
"What are those roses worth?"  
"Those are \$2.50 a dozen."  
"Is that your regular figure, or have you marked them up because I'm a plumber?"—Chicago Tribune.

A FEARFUL EXAMPLE.  
"Prof. Stuffer always discourses on the evils of gluttony before dinner."  
"Why?"  
"Because after dinner he is not able to discourse."—Chicago Record.

PREJUDICED.  
They say she was embodied grace.  
As on the chair she sat;  
But I—failed to see it; she  
Was sitting on my hat.  
—N. Y. World.

A CRUCIAL TEST.  
"Talk about spunk, fellers! I've been kicking little Tommy fer de last ten minutes, and he ain't cried yet!"—N. Y. Journal.

NOTHING ESCAPES HER.  
She's such a desperate little flirt  
That I believe she'd try  
To get up a flirtation with  
A rain-beau in the sky.  
—Judge.

SUFFICIENT.  
The Sweet Young Thing—But why should not women enter politics?  
The Savage Bachelor—Too many bosses there now.—Indianapolis Journal.

DO YOU PROPOSED.  
"Do you believe in expansion, Mr. Noodle?"  
Noodle—No; quite the contrary. I believe in making two one.—Brooklyn Life.

VERY MUCH HEATED.  
The Circassian—What's the matter with the two Fire Eaters?  
The Wild Man—Oh, some hot words passed between them.—N. Y. Journal.

A DIFFERENCE.  
Dauber—I confess that I have no ulterior interests—I live for my art.  
Friend—You'd find it much less agreeable to live by it.—Town Topics.

NO RESEMBLANCE.  
Creston—Barnes doesn't look like an actor, does he?  
Clarke—No, doesn't act like one, either.—Town Topics.

**Rough on the Doctor.**  
Mrs. Bright—Johnny, did the doctor come while I was out?  
Johnny (suspending his play)—Yes, he felt my pulse, looked at my tongue and shook his head, and said it was a serious case, and he left a prescription and said he'd call again in the evening.

Mrs. Bright—Gracious me! It wasn't you I sent him to see; it was the baby.—Ally Sloper.

**Wise Lad.**  
"What will happen to you if you are good, little boy?" asked the kindly old lady.

"I'll get a stick of candy for being good."

"And what will happen to you if you are bad?"

"I'll get two sticks of candy for promising to try to be good."—Chicago Post.

**Indifference.**  
Josh—I never could see that them astronomers were much use anyway.

Hiram—Why not?

Josh—Well, here they're telling us there's a comet comin' flyin' towards the earth, and not one of them is doin' anything to prevent it.—Illustrated American.

**The Worm Turns.**

"Jove," cried Henpeck, "let me hide."

"What's the matter now?" asked Mrs. H.

"There's a policeman out there, and I am afraid he'll have me up for poigamy—I seem to have married you and your mother and all the rest of your family."—Harlem Life.

**On the Verge of Success.**

There's a man of day of trouble and doubt  
For the man who is trying to rise;  
There's a baleful wind blows out  
Of the clouds that obscure the skies,  
And many a heartache, many a tear  
He forces aside with a laugh—  
Until finally people begin to appear  
With requests for his autograph.—Cleveland Leader.

**He Could Not Understand.**



Old Party—What's the matter, little boy?

Little Boy—Gwan, wot yo' know bout bein' in love?—N. Y. Evening Journal.

**The Pen and the Sword.**

The pen is mightier than the sword,  
And longer lingers in the scene;  
For when the sword has finished up  
The pen takes to the magazine.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**A Way Widows Have.**

"I always look out for number one," said the selfish man; "don't you?"

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That I believe she'd try  
To get up a flirtation with  
A rain-beau in the sky.  
—Judge.

**Sufficient.**

The Sweet Young Thing—But why should not women enter politics?

The Savage Bachelor—Too many bosses there now.—Indianapolis Journal.

**Her Question.**

I told her she could take the cake,  
My bashful shyness shodding;  
And then she archly looked at me,  
"What kind?" she queried, "wedding?"—Brooklyn Life.

## FAMOUS INDIAN RELICS.

**Facts from the History of the Brandt, Red Jacket and Concho Belts.**

In the historic Van Cortlandt manor house at Croton, N. Y., is a porthole, in which the birds build their nests and raise their young, unmindful of the use of their peaceful home in the early colonial days. Just under the porthole, in the dining-room, hangs a picture of Joseph Brandt, the Mohawk chief who, in contrast to his warlike deeds, translated the Gospel of St. Mark into the Mohawk language. Above the portrait hangs a wampum belt, which is the celebrated Brandt belt.

Col. John De Peyster Douw, of Poughkeepsie, a veritable son of the revolution, his father having joined the Albany county militia immediately after his graduation from Yale college, in 1776, is the fortunate possessor of the Red Jacket belt. This belt, except in length, is identical with the Brandt belt. It is five feet nine inches long and six and one-half inches wide, not including the fringe at each end, of worsted worked in white beads, and is in a perfect state of preservation. In the latter years of his life the famous Seneca chief lived near Niagara. He sold the belt to John Crysler, who gave it to his son, Ralph M. Crysler, the father-in-law of the late Judge Alexander B. Johnson. Ralph Crysler gave it to his father-in-law, Judge Leonard Gansevoort, who, in 1832, two years after the death of Red Jacket, presented it to his grandson, the present owner.

Col. Douw's father and grandfather were on the most friendly terms with the several Indian tribes. His grandfather, Judge Volcker P. Douw, the stanch old patriot who refused to hold office under the British, knew Red Jacket better than did any other white man. Col. Douw has also a "belt of condolence," presented to his grandfather by the Six Nations, on the death of a favorite daughter.

Rev. Dr. William H. Ten Eyck, late of New Brunswick, has in his possession another belt of condolence, also presented to Judge Douw, as is shown by the playing-card attached. The card, a "four-of-hearts," reads: "A Belt of Condolence on the Death of my Dauter, Caty Hoffman, by the Six Nations of Indians, in December, 1775." This belt is 23 inches in length and three in width, and has four diamond-shaped figures on it of purple beads, the remainder of the belt being of white beads.—N. Y. Tribune.

**TRAITS OF THE CHINESE.**

**They Are Close Bargain Makers, But Invariably Carry Out Their Pledges Fairly.**

The Chinese are a far different people from what we have pictured them to be. We hear them spoken of as sotted, benighted, treacherous and unreliable heathen; a merciful, changeable, and trifling people. But such are not the facts. To be sure, they are close in making a bargain, but when they have made a bargain it is their nature to stick to it religiously. They may crawl out of a very small hole, but there should be no holes in a business contract. "Plain at first, afterward no dispute," is the prudent aphorism of the Chinese. If there is a misunderstanding, however, they will instantly and without apparent effort drop on it and invariably take advantage of it. That is business. They are acute and careful merchants, patient, faithful and diligent workmen and servants, and above all, they are great lovers of family, relatives and home.

The entire population of China is divided into four classes viz.: Scholars, farmers, artisans, or workmen, and merchants. In social rank scholars stand highest, as brains control ideas. The agriculturist comes next because he produces something out of nothing. The artisan comes third because by hand and brain he brings into usefulness material that would otherwise remain crude and worthless. The merchant comes last for the reason that he neither produces nor increases the inherent value or usefulness of anything. He simply trades upon the needs and labors of others. No man is more cautious, shrewd and exact in his business affairs, however, than the average Chinese merchant.

As a race the Chinese are peaceable, quiet, unassuming, more of the philosophic nature than of the enthusiastic, and seldom enter upon a route the end of which is invisible. As a nation they excel all others in politeness. They have brought the art of lubricating the friction which is sure to arise in the intercourse of man with man to such a perfection that they are polite to the greatest degree imaginable. They seldom if ever intentionally make a disagreeable or offensive remark.—M. R. Jeffords, in American Trade.

**A Beast That Smokes.**

The most fatigued or refractory dromedary is refreshed and brought to submission by a few whiffs of the fragrant weed, and if any arduous journey is to be performed, he calls for his cigar at intervals and enjoys it with a placidity and air of contentment which are almost ludicrous. A triangular wooden holder is first inserted into his mouth, and the cigar is then lighted and placed in the holder. The dromedary closes his eyes in ecstatic anticipation and then smokes diligently until the cigar is exhausted. By the time the weed is finished the dromedary is in fine condition. The process of recuperation is often repeated a dozen times a day.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

**Cheshire Cheese.**

Cheshire cheese owes its excellence partly to geological causes, the red sandstone and boulder clay, with its immense salt deposits, of which the country is formed, producing a herbage peculiarly suited for cheese production.

—N. Y. Sun.

## Cost of Nicaragua Canal.

The estimates as to the cost of constructing the Nicaragua Canal vary from \$115,000,000 to \$150,000,000. How different are the estimates of the people as to the value of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters for stomach, liver, blood and kidney diseases. It is agreed everywhere that this remedy is unsurpassed for indigestion, biliousness, constipation, nervousness and sleeplessness. It is such an agreeable medicine to take. It tastes good as well as does good.

**Current Literature.**

"You are preparing a new edition of your popular novel," said the caller.

"I am," replied the novelist.

"Well, I have a proposition by which we may both make money. Where you say 'She glued her lips to his,' why not add: 'Using Stycker's celebrated glue?'"—Philadelphian North American.

**How's This?**

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrah that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrah Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him to be honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

West & Trux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrah Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**More for Her Money.**

"I hear that your daughter has broken off her engagement with the count. Is it true?"

"Yes; she ran across a chance to get a duke at the same figure."—Chicago Journal.

**You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.**

Write to-day to Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to shake into your shoes. It cures blisters, sweating, damp, swollen, aching feet. It makes New or tight shoes easy. An instant cure for Corns and Bunions. All druggists and shoe stores sell it. 25c.

"She's pretty enough to bite," "Yes, but there's lead poisoning in all those face preparations."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He struck it. St. Jacobs Oil struck his Rheumatism. It was strucken out.

Half the men who attempt to tell you a funny story forget it.—Atchison Globe.

Lawsakes. It cured my aches. St. Jacobs Oil makes no mistakes.

**THE MARKETS.**

CINCINNATI Feb. 6.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle, common \$3.90 @ 4.00

Select butchers..... 4.25 @ 4.75

CALF—Good to fat light..... 3.40 @ 3.70

HOGS—Coarse and heavy..... 3.75 @ 3.85

Mixed packers..... 3.75 @ 3.85

## A CRUEL OPERATION.

THE PROCESS BY WHICH TORTOISE  
SHELL IS PROCURED.

Fires Set on the Living Turtle to Separate the Bony Layers of the House In Which He Lives—A Business That Struck an Observer as Heartless.

There are many articles of daily and hourly use constantly passing before our eyes and through our hands about the production of which we know comparatively little or nothing. An interesting example of this is tortoise shell, from which combs and hairpins are made, besides a multitude of trinkets for the dressing table, the desk and the pocket. Fierce crusades have been instituted in recent years against the slaughter of birds for the procurement of their plumage for hat trimmings, and yet I venture to say that the process of procuring tortoise shell is a cruelty to animal life which far exceeds that to which birds are subjected.

In the eighties I happened to be down in Bluefields, on that awful Mosquito coast, and at the invitation of one Manuel Latona, who was the owner and captain of a small schooner, went with him to the cay El Roncador for tortoise shell. This cay gets its name (which in English would be the Snorer) from the exceedingly angry surf, which can be heard for a long distance breaking over the reefs. This is the cay on which a couple of years back the historic old ship Kearsarge was wrecked and battered to pieces. El Roncador is nothing more or less than a typical coral island, such as is found throughout the southern seas, three-quarters of a mile long, perhaps, and not more than a quarter of a mile across its widest part. Surrounding the island is a reef, inside of which the water is smooth and rather shallow, and at the bottom of this shallow water there grows a peculiar kind of sea grass which is a dainty food for the turtle tribes. There is also found on the top of the water inside the reef a sort of small blubber fish, called in Spanish dedalas, or thimble fish, which is perhaps the greatest delicacy of the entire turtle menu.

The turtle whose shell is valued in commerce is a small species known as the hawk bill. There are other varieties which come to El Roncador to spawn, but they are not molested. During the night the turtles crawl up on the shore to lay their eggs, each female depositing on an average about 70. To do this they dig holes in the sand about two feet deep and after laying the eggs cover them over so deftly that it is almost impossible for a novice to find them. These eggs are really delicious when roasted, but the turtle fishers are careful not to destroy those they do not take for food, so as to promote as much as possible the increase of this valuable sea reptile. At night the fishers conceal themselves along the shore as well as possible, and when the turtles come out of the water on the beach they rush forth and turn them over on their backs with iron hooks, leaving them secure in this position until morning.

The tortoise shell of commerce is not, as is generally believed, the horny covering or shell proper of the turtle; it is the scales which cover the shield. These scales are 13 in number, 8 of them being flat and the other 5 somewhat curved. Four of those that are flat are quite large, sometimes being as much as 12 inches long and 7 inches broad, nearly transparent and beautifully variegated in color with red, yellow, white and dark brown clouds, which give the effects so fully brought out when the shell is properly polished. A turtle of average size will furnish about eight pounds of these laminae, or scales, each piece being from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in thickness.

It is the method by which these scales are loosened which is the repulsive part of the business. The turtles are not killed, as that would lead to their extermination in a very few years. After capturing them the fishers wait for days to complete the work. The turtles are turned over again in their natural position and fastened firmly to the ground by means of pegs. Then a bunch of dried leaves or sea grass is spread evenly over the back of the turtle and set afire. The heat is not great enough to injure the shell, merely causing it to separate the joints. A large blade, very similar in shape to a chemist's spatula, is then inserted horizontally between the laminae, which are gently pried from the back. Great care must be taken not to injure the shell by too much heat, and yet it is not forced off until it is fully prepared for separation by a sufficient amount of warmth.

The operation, as one may readily imagine, is the extreme of cruelty, and many turtles do not survive it. Most of them do live, however, and thrive, and in time grow a new covering, just as a man will grow a new finger nail in place of one he might lose. The peculiarity of the second growth of shell, though, is that instead of reproducing the original number of 13 segments it is restored in one solid piece.

To see the operation of taking the shell from the living turtle once is at all a man of northern breeding wants of it, and if the helpless reptiles had the power of voicing their sufferings under it their cries would tell of as heartless a business as man has yet engaged in.—New York Post.

## IMPOSSIBLE IN HIS CASE.

Hungry Higgins—I see the paper says we oughtn't to never begin a journey before breakfast.

Weary Watkins—Does it have any service for us blokes that has to make a journey to find the breakfast?—Indianapolis Journal.

The most scientific forester in Europe says that the oldest trees in northern Europe are the pines of Norway and Sweden, and that these are not known to live more than 570 years. Germany's oldest oaks lived only a little more than 200 years.

## A SCENE ON THE SOO.

The King of France Took Possession of the Land Two Hundred Years Ago.

In St. Nicholas there is an article on "The Great Lakes" by W. S. Harwood. Mr. Harwood says:

While waiting for my steamer to be carried through canal locks of the Soo, I stood one summer day near a hill on which now stands Fort Brady, overlooking the rapids of the Soo as they flow from Lake Superior down into the St. Mary's river and so on to join at last the waters of Huron. On the top of this hill, as nearly as I could decide from the topography of the country, was witnessed two centuries and a quarter ago one of the most remarkable, one of the most significant, scenes in the history of the new world. It has been brilliantly described, and I may but mention it.

On June 14, 1671, a strange body of men was assembled on this hill. It was composed of four classes—the official representatives of the king of France, the Catholic missionaries, the voyageurs and the Indians. Weeks before word had been sent out to the chiefs of 14 of the different tribes of Indians in the region to meet at the Soo on the date mentioned. An immense cross of wood was made and carried to the top of the hill overlooking the swift flowing rapids. A stout timber with an engraved plate on it was set up near the deep hole in the ground which was to hold the foot of the cross.

When all had assembled, St. Lusson, the representative of the king, lifted in one hand a clod of earth and in the other his naked sword and in the name of his most Christian majesty the king of France took possession of the land, embracing in his assumption "all the region from the north to the south sea and extending to the ocean on the west."

The cross was then raised before the motley throng—the representatives of the government in their most gorgeous suits, the priests in their rich vestments, the voyageurs in their hunting garb of skins, the Indians in their most fantastic feathers and paint. As the cross assumed position the priests intoned a stately chant of the seventeenth century. Then the French exclaimed "Vive le roi!" while, as one historian put it, "the Indians howled in contempt."

The plate upon the smaller timber bore an engraved inscription denoting the king's possession of the land.

## A SCENE IN SALONICA.

The Jews and Jewesses That Inhabit the Heart of the Town.

In the true ghetto, in the noisome heart of the town, where the cobble streets run slimy and the people chaffer with the butchers for the refuse of the slaughter house and chicken block, you see the unchanged Jew of the middle ages. Be he bearded grand sire or tiny boy, he wears a long loose gabardine to his heels and the fez of his masters. If he is well to do, the garment may be fur bordered or it may be of silk, but it could not more surely be soiled and greasy if the law required it so. With marriage this survivor of the dark ages grows a beard full and thick and grizzled in the old men, wiry and black and very sparse in the younger heads of families. This is as it is in East Broadway and Chicago and Berlin, but when you look upon the wives and daughters in Salonica's ghetto you see mediaeval characters who have staid in the east, but sent no representatives abroad.

These Jewesses love display and court admiration. They are much fairer than the men, milky skinned, with a pale pink flush, as if they were bothoos bred. Their clothes are gay, red, green and blue being their favorite colors, and the married women all wear decollete bodices fashioned very low in front and showing a fancy shirt of embroidery and lace, which either reveals the mold of their forms or makes startling exposures of the forms themselves. Their chests are always quite bare. This in a land where the other women expose nothing but their eyes is all the more astonishing. On their crowns the Jewish matrons wear very showy, often beautiful, headdresses, composed of a cap of red, green and yellow silk or cloth, that is carried down the back of the head in a bag that envelops their tresses. Often these bags are finished at the bottom with heavy gold braid.—"In the Wake of a War," by Julian Ralph, in Harper's Magazine.

## EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

They tell this story in London about the Countess Waldegrave, who was married four times: One evening she appeared at the opera in Dublin during her fourth husband's occupancy of the post of chief secretary for Ireland. An audacious Celt, catching sight of her ladyship in one of the boxes, shouted out with real Irish temerity, "Lady Waldegrave, which of the four did you like best?"

The countess was equal to the occasion. Without a moment's hesitation she rose from her seat and exclaimed enthusiastically, "Why, the Irishman, of course!"—a remark which naturally "brought down the house."

## A NEW ROAD FOUND.

"Oh, John, dear, isn't your Uncle George dreadful?"

"What's up now?"

"Why, I called at his office today, and he was talking to one of his clerks up stairs."

"Nothing unusual in that."

"And, John, he told the poor man to go to—you know where—through the speaking tube."—Picut Me Up.

In the markets of Bengal one often sees live snakes—a species of boa—from 10 to 15 feet long. They are employed in many houses to hunt rats at night, being otherwise perfectly harmless. They become attached to a house like a cat or a dog.

There are 1,425 characters in the 24 books Dickens wrote.

## OFFERED HIM TWO WIVES.

King Cetewayo Appreciated the Tenor's Singing of "Old Dog Tray."

"There is much in a name, or at least I think so," said Albert Gerard-Thiers, the tenor, who once sang for old Cetewayo, king of the Zulus. Mr. Gerard-Thiers several years ago bore the Teutonic cognomen of Theiss and had it changed to Thiers. His fame spread, and his middle name was wedged to his surname with a hyphen.

"I am more French than German," he continued, "and my vocal method is not at all German. Many people imagine that a German vocalist is a master of the guttural, and that is one reason why I had my name changed. I have no prejudice against the German method, only I prefer the French method of singing. People who were introduced to me used to ask if I was German. As I speak French and not German, I concluded to change my name to Thiers. My wife is an American, but she has lived so long in Paris that she speaks French like a native and has nothing German in her appearance or manners."

"Did you sing in French to King Cetewayo?"

"No; I sang in English. The old Zulu was in captivity when I saw him in Africa. I was singing in Cape Colony in my boyhood days with an English opera company, and after it stranded I visited the dethroned African monarch. The English kept him guarded at a farmhouse, but allowed him privileges. I sang several operatic airs for him, but they did not please him, and in despair I tried 'Old Dog Tray.' He liked it, and when told the story he said a dog was faithful and wished me to sing it again. Then he embarrassed me exceedingly by presenting me with two of his wives. Each was more than six feet in height and black as the ace of spades. I declined his royal offer, although he declared the wives would not be missed."

—New York Commercial.

## DINING AND FEEDING.

American Table Manners Not So Open to Criticism as Formerly.

It has been conceded that the degree of civilization a people has reached may be accurately measured by its dietary. Now, some one has said that "the American feeds, the Englishman devours, the Frenchman dines." In view of this statement one wonders what the English have been doing through the centuries to have advanced so little. We do not pretend to answer for them, but would say for ourselves, we have been hewing our way through forests, pioneering in every direction, in every sense—ample apology for feeding instead of dining.

But, of course, it was a Frenchman who made the declaration, and, of course, he made it long ago, when, mortifying though it be, honesty compels us to acknowledge that we may have been guilty. Times, however, and conditions have changed, and not even the most bigoted Frenchman will refuse to admit that when the American has reached the dining point he will have more to dine upon than any other man in the world. The culture of man in America will demand all the art in his cuisine that France by study has evolved, with the added merit of honesty in his food, the disguises incident to poverty of material not being a necessity. There is no department of supply in which we have not the advantage, and we are learning to use our materials as rapidly as we have been obliged to learn all other things.—Ella Morris Kretschmar in Woman's Home Companion.

WHAT WRESTLERS SHOULD EAT.

The Japanese wrestlers are a race of giants; they often weigh from 14 to 20 stone. At the Imperial hotel in Tokyo once they brought their champion wrestler to my room. He was prodigious in size and as fat and fair as a baby. He was a Hercules in strength, but looked like an overgrown cherub of Correggio. "What do you eat?" I asked.

"Rice, nothing but rice."

"Why not eat meat?"

"Meat is weakening. Beef is 70 per cent water. Rice is 80 per cent food. I ate lean beefsteak once and my strength left me. The other man ate rice and threw me down."

My courier said: "This wrestler is the champion of Japan. No one can throw him."—Pearson's Weekly.

She Supervises a Farm.

In spite of being college bred the ability to earn a living in the most businesslike manner has been proved by Miss Anna T. Hayes of Louisville. She is now taking personal supervision of her father's farm of 200 acres. She is devoting time and money to the development of a special breed of pigs for the specially cured hams of which there is a growing demand in the state. The pigs are fattened on sterilized milk, meal and apples and are brought up to a uniform weight. The hams are cured on the farm. The young woman is making a complete success of her venture.

BRIGHT VALET.

Valet (to officer's fiancee)—My lieutenant has sent me to bring you this bouquet of forest flowers, plucked by his own hands.

Fiancee—Oh, how poetic! And how long it must have taken to gather them!

Valet—Indeed, miss, it took me nearly three hours.—Fliegende Blatter.

In the northern parts of China there are many villages which are almost deserted in winter, the inhabitants going south, where they live by begging. They form regular guilds and literally compel shopkeepers to help them by threatening to cause a riot in front of their stores, which Chinese merchants abhor.

The oddest shaped county among the 1,000 which go to make up the separate divisions of the various states is Warren county, Tenn. It lies in the center of the state and is as near a perfect circle as any division of land could be.

There are 1,425 characters in the 24 books Dickens wrote.

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